



2016.11.2.1

1849 Gold Rush to Calif
\$1750.00

44037

Tuesday Nov 27th at 11 am
The wood lot to P Marsh

10 feet front
25 ft deep



condite - 1860 -

A Dream -

I dreamed I saw a festive hall
With vociferous and beauty gay
Where heroes in their armour move
And sons of Science stray -
But chief amongst the central group
In blue and purple clad
A warrior form arrests my eye
His presence grave and sad

His thoughts, seem
To other lands, and scenes
Where the grim form of slaughter stalks
And death, and ruin teems -

When I awoke! - but lo, his shade
Still forms upon my mind
And here my pencil has essayed
His shadowy bust to bind

See outside -
The Phantom Warrior - 1/3

My Common place Book containing
Sketches of poetry improvised off hand from
the suggestions of the moment. — Notes of reading,
and my Comments thereon, in prose, and rhyme. —
And odds, and ends of matters and things in general. —

44687

JAN

1907

The stern, un sentimental, Character of my pursuits
through life, have apparently little in common
with poetry. — And it is only since my
return from California a second time, and
during a somewhat forced leisure, that I have
attempted to embody my ideas in Rhyme. —

This direction of my thoughts, was partly, to divert
my mind, from pondering on the painful
retrospect of the failure of all my cherished
hopes: — the unsuccessful issue of all the
aims, and objects, for which I have striven
through a weary tempestuous life. —

And partly, as a mental exercise tending
to give a facility of expressing my thoughts,
and an easy style of stating my impression
of events, and ideas. — For improvisations
broke into my mind by a sudden influx, a
rush, of images and rhythmic music, the
shadows, of the beautiful, which defy my
attempts to arrest, and pin down on paper,
their rainbow hues. —

This shadow, of the "το καλον" on the mirror of the human
mind, all confess, still will remain a shadow, here

Crusaders of our day

Five thousands & others, whom the great
modern Crusade to the land of Gold, gave
Only experience, and a sight of the Elephant,
in his rough native state. — I essayed to
pluck some of the golden hairs from his
tough hide, — But all I held fast
was the mental gold, gathered from the
Scenery, the vicissitudes, and the exciting
* rash Fortune ~~Fortune~~ Fortune, passing before my
eyes, where the weak went to the wall. —
And those who fell, were lost under
the wild tramp of advancing thousands,
All chasing a Shadow — like the primitive
inhabitants of Arcadia, chasing the Setting
Sun. — —

The vast human wave that rolled in upon
this virgin soil, just as it had become
Our own, which no other stimulus but the
one presented, could have moved: — Seems
like a Providential decree, in favour of
Liberty and human rights, — To a
calm observer, the rapid roll of events on
this great theatre, seem little less than
miraculous, — nothing in human history
affords any analogy to this sudden rise
Like the Prophet's Gourd, — — — On like
the creations of the Genii of the Arabian tales —

"Round the Horn"

Nov 25th 1849
In the autumn of 1849 I left Boston, in Ship Nestor
of Salem for California, with a large company bound for the
Land of Gold, Touched at Juan Fernandez island
and saw the stark condemned, to all future time as the

* We were at that period without any other Law,
than our own good, right hand, and sure
Rifle, to oppose, to Ruffians, who swarm as surely
to such scenes, as Vultures to the Carcass, - whose
Legend always is,

"A fig for those by Law, protected -
Liberty's a glorious feast. -
Courts, for cowards, were created,
Churches built, to please the Priest."

Consequently the Rifle of Judge Lynch, was our
first of Law's, and the Ultima Ratio, of honest
men, who were compelled to combine, to delete
Robbers, and execute murderers - His decisive
argument, was the only one, these Vermin could
be made to understand. - -

and romance -
and saw the
ing pearls of

dispersed to see
we ^{had} traversed
Ocean - -

covering the
" Had just
the Advance
Crusade? -

Western Slope of the Sierra Nevada, or Snowy Mountain

This great inclined plane, from the foot hills
in the Sacramento valley, upward into
the mountains, is broken into deep gorges,
alternating with sharp lofty spurs, which
made travelling on the old Indian trail
Anything but pleasant to a pedestrian. -
but its clear pure air permits the eye
to take in distances that must seem
almost fabulous to the untravelled native
of New England. and when the trail
carried me to the summit of a lofty peak
There was a character of grandeur, in the
breadth, and beauty, of the scenery, that

Sierra



1849 Gold Rush to California

The changes and transformations that I saw myself, seem more like the
Mythic legend of an Oriental tale, than any sober tale of fact.
I saw the forest fall under the axe, to rise again in the shape of a City,
and the Miner kick off his rags, to become the legislator of a great State,
and assume the rank, education, knowledge and refined manners of a gentleman.

Compensated me for all troubles, and privations, —

The great distances that objects can be distinctly
seen in the pure atmosphere of these mountains,
was remarked with astonishment by Col. Fremont
in his perilous descent from the frozen crests
of the Sierra through the drifted snows. Towards
Nuttens Port, in February 1844, when this region,
now swarming with the Anglo-Saxon race, was
a howling wilderness, the habitat of grizzly
bears, and more grizzly Indians! —

This graphic description of the scenery, and
the optical illusions the pure air occasioned,
making objects that were actually three
days' journey ahead, seem but a few hours
travel from them, breaks the monotony
of his trials and sufferings, by vivid
glimpses of the magnificent scenery on
the lower half of this vast inclined plane,
Along the South Fork of the American river
which descends through frightful mountain
Gorges due west, to join the Sacramento, at
Nuttens Port. — about 40 miles above which,
the American ^{river} emerges from the giant
walls of the gorges above, and expands
in some of the most picturesque and
lovely "Gardens of Eden" — that even Oriental
Fancy has pictured, — Such is Salmon Falls;
Eldorado County, California. — to which the sketch,
on the following pages refer — I.B.

Sketches from a Mountain's brow.

Or Recollections of musing on the grand
panoramic views I have surveyed from the
lofty spurs of the Sierra Nevada in solitary
rambles during my mining campaigns
On the Forks of the American ^{river}, California,
1850, and '51 — Isaac Bullock
here I plunge at once in medius res —

To me 'tis pleasure oft to roam alone
Up loftier summits; there to sit and think,
While viewing Nature's mighty works around
Unmixed with human art; — unshorn of man. —
Then she lifts up the soul to the first Cause? —
And lightens it of half its load of Clay? —
So have I seen the vast Sierra rear
Its giant cones towards heaven. — Nevada called
Or snowy mountains, — gleaming white with frost
In outline ^{clean and} sharp. — num num

2 Their mighty peaks catching the sunrise glow
And sending down their slopes their shadows grand
In long projecting lines, o'er forests old
Of mountain pines? — O'er barren cliffs, and peaks,
A sight sublime. — down deep volcanic rents,

Where his forefathers sleep. —

Chasms of frightful depth, where rivers roll.
 Fed by eternal snows from summits hoar.—
Pactolus's "rolling over sands of gold"
 Whose rich deposits call new States to life
 And freedom's ^{happy} rule. —

3 Oft have I stood on such a lofty spur
 Of this great spinal ridge of our new world *
 And viewed the grand imposing scene around?
 From East to West a hundred miles of view? —
 From the sharp crests of the Sierra, down
 To the broad Sacramento-valley's plain? —
 A rich alluvium that can millions feed. —
 I see the river winding through its midst
 Like a huge ^{serpent} Boa wandering to the sea *
 In ^{massive} pictured show. —

4 Here Nature reigns supreme, magnificent,
 Unmixed as yet with puny human work —
 Her grand domain washed by an ocean vast
 The great Pacific? — Worthy partners these. —
 Standing alone on such a scene as this
 My mind expands and soars o'er coming time
 Painting the mighty future of these wilds. —

* The Sierra Nevada peak's stood
 far higher than the Rocky mountains
 towards heaven. —

Commons, Wilkes mentions an instance of wheat by six hundred
 bushels of wheat harvested, from 30 bushels sown, in the
 Sacramento valley — 3000 from 200

Thronging with human life, and human works
 Sacred to freedom all the rich domain?—
 An Empire's ^{golden} towers.

This fertile region of 40,000
 sq. miles is too

A buoyancy of feeling, and of thought
 Like to the pristine health pervades my frame
 On these sharp mountain peaks. — a second youth.
 The golden banks

Note -

The air is so pure and clear on
 this vast inclined plane. that the eye
 takes in great distances, with ease -
 Col Fremont in his perilous
 descent down this region in
 1846 remarks on this peculiar
 transparency of atmosphere. —
 Objects that seemed but a few
 hours travel ahead, were often
 really, three days march distant
 hence a good telescope which I had,
 (and the only one in that section
 of the country) — enabled me
 to look down from the lofty
 spurs about Salmon Falls, upon
 the Sacramento Valley, as upon a
 map. — and back to the sharp,
 frozen crests of the Sierra, in their
 loftiest elevation, — their pure white
 peaks standing in bold relief against
 the deep blue eastern sky —
 Where his forefathers sleep!

man's toil.
 close at hand.
 the sun
 its rapid course.
 mountain spurs.
 and? —
 man life.
 the golden ore,
 we pursue? —
 sheer down
 y land.
 Malay
 John Bull.
 the land
 fers here,
 sleep!

All in their native costume digging Gold
 A buissey motley group. like ants they toil—
 My own gold claim vacated for the deep
 Its tools like me at rest from digging gold—
 How rich a day of rest in such a scene?—
 Again I view the panorama round—
 Far to the West on the horizon's verge
 A long blue line the misty distance bounds
 'Tis the Coast-Range, — the bulwark of the shore
 Old Neptune's ^{strong} bounds? —

8 It shuts the great Pacific from the soil
 Saying "Thus far, no farther shalt thou come!" —
 Nearer, the waters of the Puiscan bay
 Gleam up in middle distance of the view —
 Nearer the foreground, broader lights, and shades
 Bold mingle their deep masses on the scene —
 From North to South, I see the lofty spurs
 That shoot from the Sierra to the plain,
 In giant undulations sweep away
 Till ^{all is} lost to sight? —

The Heights of the Apennines between
Genoa, and Leghorn. — the neighbourhood
of Palermo, Sicily, the Corcovado of Rio de
Janeiro, Brazil. The Andes near Lima
and such lofty spots I have seen —

I have looked on the plains of Belgium
and Holland from lofty points — the
cathedral tower of Antwerp, rises 470 feet
and gives a view of 50 miles, — Amsterdam
Hamburg, and Rotterdam, afford high points
of view.

Here on the foreground, glimpses I can catch
Of the three forks of the American
Dotted at intervals with snow-white spots
Like scrapes of paper on the brilliant green? —
The tents of miners working on the streams,
Who through my telescope appear like ants
In active motion round their narrow spot
Here points, or ^{insects} monoids on the giant scene,
Where Nature's pyramids a gauge present
And ^{France} measure grand —

So I have looked upon the works of MAN
From lofty points in Europe's Capitals? —
Thus, from the tower that rises o'er St Mark's
Smooth tessellated pavement, high in air
I have looked down on Venice, the Sea Queen,
The "Niobe of Nations" — widowed now? —
On her old palaces, Canals, Lagoons,
The Adriatic, and the ^{sea} Julian Alps.* —
A scene that stirs the blood to look upon
Like some old Battle-ground —

* The towering peaks of the Tyrolean Alps, a hundred
miles distant, are seen from Venice, looming up in
Spectral grandeur, in the far away heavens —
a sublime vision, that surpasses to my mind
the mighty cones of the Andes, about Lima — 1893

11. And I have trodden the aisles of many
 Of the grandest Temples dedicated to the
 Worship of our Creator, in the ancient world,
 But in no Temple on this Earth, have I
 felt myself so nearly in ^{communion} ~~communion~~
 With the Great source of Life, as on one of
 those giant Temples of Nature, in central
 California, that overlook the shores of
 the vast Pacific Ocean. —

When on some fine Sunday morning, (in the
 absence of other places of worship) after getting an
 early breakfast I have started alone, with
 telescope, rifle and hunting-knife and
 ascended a lofty peak to spend the day
 In contemplation, and rest from
 labour amongst some of the most
 Magnificent scenery on the face
 of our planet. —

Leander Bullock

Thirty years of wandering over earth, and Ocean, have given ^{me} a pretty
 extensive acquaintance with scenery, and a natural love for beauty,
 has ^{made me} somewhat fastidious in my taste, — hence I deem myself
 something of a Connoisseur, in the beauties of Nature, and Art. —
 For the galleries of Art, in Europe, have schooled my natural taste.

Written in a young girl's Album. Miss
Lucy Stickney. — Salem — ItB

An Album: — strange that I should write
On its pure page of virgin white. —
Me, an old wreck from Ocean's wave
Thrown on the strand to find a grave. —
Whose only practice long has been
To scrawl a Log-book with my pen. —
I feel that I am out of place
Among the young these pages grace,
But cannot well refuse the sex
My Autograph to here annex. —
A compliment awarded me
Doubtless, for some poor poetry. —
Excuse me, if I do but jot
A parting wish, of Walter Scott.
"To each, and all, a fair Good Night? —
And rosy dreams, and slumbers light. —"

Isaac Bullock

Salem February 1866.

ItB, I had loaned M. A. Stickney, views in Venice,
and Felt's Annals of Salem, — he sent his
daughter to return them, and she brought her
Album with a request for my signature! —
This somewhat startled me, for these flowery
fields are a terra incognita to me, not knowing
what to write I dashed at random in medias res —
~~On whose~~ — the Egotism which keeps out
shows perhaps in bad taste, but let it pass

11. And
 Of the
 Woods
 But
 felt
 With
 Those
 Calif
 The
 When
 absence
 early
 telescop
 ascenda
 In Co
 labour
 Magn
 Of our

Thirty years of
 extensive acquai
 made me
 has somewhat
 something of a
 For the galleries

Thoughts

Suggested by an engraving of a young
female sitting alone absorbed in thought
on a rocky cliff overhanging a wild waste
of stormy Ocean — her eyes straining to
catch the white specks of canvass on the
distant horizon, as if in search of some
Hoped for, sail. — ~~~~~

He Returns no more!

- 1 That thought no more! — returns no more!
While mourning for the loved and lost,
Scorches her like the lightning's bolt? —
In writhing tortures she is toss'd. — ~~~~~
- 2 What an absorbing interest hangs
O'er those on whom our all we stake! —
How terrible their doubtful death? —
What racks of thought our being shake! —
- 3 How. — where. — they perished? what their fate? —
Did Ocean whelm them with one wave? —
Or did they struggle on a wreck
Unseen, unknown, — with none to save? — ~~~~~
overturn

8 4 Did they go down to sudden death
By plunging with a fatal dash
Against some other in the storm
And sinking both with shriek and crash!—

5 Or, did an iceberg's crystal walls
Arrest them in the fog, and gloom,
And send them with one fearful plunge:
Into old Ocean's mighty tomb!—

6 Or may be, in a furious gale
While lying to, to meet its frown
Under a close-reefed-topsail's guide,
A mountain billow crushed them down.*—

7 Or, scudding through the midnight storm
Miel howling gales, and Ocean's roar.
The lightning's sudden bolt, has sent
Them down.— whence they return no more!—

8 Such, the appalling dangers lurk
Along the Sailor's watery path
So, many a gallant ship goes down
With all her crew!— in Ocean's wrath. —

9 Leaving to face the storms of life
Such youthful mourners as we see
Seated on yonder beetling crag
Her thoughts far roaming o'er the sea. —

10 These burning Visions scar the brain
And torture many a form like this? —
"No exorcism these can bind!" —
Their poisonous shafts ne'er fly amiss. —

* I was myself in 1840 on a noble ship so crushed
down, and she almost miraculously rose again
with the loss of spars, bulwarks, ballast shifted! —
a mere wreck at the mercy of a winter's storm
In the chops of the English Channel? — myself
and all my watch, six men, terribly mutilated,
torn, and bleeding — Yet we providentially
got back to Plymouth, England, and I have survived,
(as before and since) what seemed at the time an
utterly hopeless case. — I was Ship Mate

Of the shipmates of my earlier years who have in
some of these ways mysteriously disappeared from
among the living — gone down in the stormy

Stormy surge of Ocean. unseen, unheard of.
 none to tell their fate to those who mourn the
 fall of the young and brave — two are especially
 prominent from similarity of acquirement, age,
 pursuits, and long familiarity and companionship
 ship on the Ocean, and foreign lands viz
 William Blanchard, and Francis Dennis of Salem.
 Though nearly all the others have passed away
 probably in some of these enumerated forms of
 sudden, or lingering Death. — Or by the
 Fevers of the Tropics, or the frosts of northern
 winters? — Over the fate of those who thus
 pass away unheard of, there hangs a mysterious
 feeling of Terror at the thought of their last
 struggles on a wild waste of foaming, roaring
 Ocean? —

My own experience of Shipwreck in a winter's
 storm, suggests a probability of suffering
 that none but those who have thus been
 forced to "bore their brow full in Death's face" —
 sinking down upon the Grave! as far as we
 can sink, with permission to return. —
 Can properly estimate —

Isaac Bullock

"The wisest heart
Of Solomon, he led by fraud to build" &c

In the Greek Mythology Atropos the eldest of
the fatal sisters was commissioned to cut the
thread of human life - and close the scene -

23
The three Fates symbolized the Past, Present, and Future,
The Romans veiled of a man who had died,
"Abiit ad plures" - i.e. He has gone over to
the majority - the great Congress of the dead

Again - Encore
Bard of "Memory" good night
Thou hast fought thy final battle
Thou hast ended thy long march
Faced the storm? - heard its death-rattle! -
But thy "Memory" remains
Crowned with Laurel, deck'd with myrtle
In that roll of glorious names
in tal Kings in gold and purple
Then, his Scragio may
A rose - Mahomet is the only Monarch
who could hold a candle to the Greek
Semi God - according to Gibbons Notes

10
 Stormy surge of Ocean, unseen, unheard of,
 None to tell their fate to those who mourn the
 fall of the young and brave — two are especially
 prominent from similarity of acquirement, age,

24

Seen a moment in their flight
 On our Earth. — Then vanish from it

Eg - Napoleon, Byron Shelly
 Niebuhr - and Poe - minds Electric
 On fire with lightning all and each
 In orbits various. — here I "cove in"
 here I can slap dab - full but, agin cousin nat,
 ses she where ye gwine now, Saml ses she jest
 so - Ah, ses I, how-de do ses I jest so —
 I hearn ses I the match between Mr Polyway
 and you is broke off² — Oh no ses she
 "he didn't broke off — he cove in — —
 and I cove in, too — sartin

So "Omnia Vincit Amor" — we

Through Earth, and Air, and Ocean see —
 are preparing

Isaac Bullock

"The wisest heart
Of Solomon, he led by fraud to build" &c

The ^{heathen} ~~Hellenian~~ world, like Hebrew legends, held
King Solomon the wisest of all men? —
Inspired direct from Heaven to see the right? —
But was he wise, and just! — or a rash fool? —
In shutting up a thousand lively girls
For his own private pleasure, — or display! —
Josephus tells us how in latter life
He fell away from justice, and the right —
And so his own lamenting proverbs shew
A worn-out debauchee's disgust of life. —

*We still have justice here — on evil deeds?
The Swyer. The mighty Nemesis rests not, until
She brings her scales to poise! — — —
Solomon along with his wisdom should have
had the physical power of the Grecian Hercules
in his 13th labour, as the Golden legend tells;
Then, his Seraglio might have blossomed like
A rose. — Mahomet is the only mortal
who could hold a candle to the Great
Semi God — according to Gibbon's Notes —

Book 1st lines 495 to 505 "

eg- "Witness the streets of Sodom, and that night" &c

We see — In floating downward on the stream of time
 Antioch's foul suburbs generate a brood
 Of monstrous vices? — gross, unnatural sin's,
 That spread among the Nations like a plague! —
 And the Orontes mixing with the Tiber,
 Made Rome a second Sodom, steep'd in sin
 Worse than the first, from its gigantic scale, —
 Her bacchanalian orgies so obscene,
 That Livy scarce can picture the vile Ulcer! —
 The sweeping Deluge of the "dark Ages" —
 Drowned the worst of the infernal brood
 That spawned in ancient Daphne* and Canopus,
 But Cooper thought the vices of his day
 & London, Paris, and such mighty swarms,
 Were more obnoxious to the wrath of Heaven
 Than Sodom, in her day, had power to be? —
 Compared with their Ocean-sweep of sin,
 The "Cities of the Plain" — look poor and weak —

Yet the sensitive, and pious mind of Cooper
 Saw also, that these social Ulcers, seem a
Necessary evil of all such great aggregations

of the human race on these giant centres of action? Man always tends towards ulceration, when so condensed? — Yet these great marts, hold "many Righteous" — Their preserving salt, — that redeems them from that utter corruption which doomed the elder Sodom. — Rome, — the God-forsaken ~~Babylon~~ Jerusalem, — the foul Babylon. — The vile, prostituted Alexandria — The unnatural abandoned Antioch, to merited destruction — — — — —

* The groves of Daphne that foul suburb of Antioch, ^{on the Orontes} was the scene of the monstrous, unnatural, heinous sins, that doomed the vile "Cities of the Plain" — And Canopus, the suburb of the corrupt and dissolute Alexandria, also richly merited the terrific storm of fire that burst out from Earth, such infernal spawn of Sin as generated in the primal Sodom — see page 225, Canopus

Yet the deep thinking philosophic mind sees no reason for any special interference of our Creator to destroy miraculously such links of infamy — the sure action of Nature's laws in their normal presence suffices to draw out these heinous hybrids in the long run, — All human action follows a stern unbending law, — which is a mystery to us yet

Book VIII line 449 — "What next I bring shall please thee, be assured"
 suggests remarks on marriage, as observed "eg"

Of all the self-deceptions which men practice
 This one, of taking rosy cheeks for virtue
 Is one we wake from with the most regret.
 If we on trial, find that we have taken
 A specious Rainbow, spanning passion's steps,
 For the pure spirit's halo, for her form.
 So passion & projects this gorgeous bow,
 An optical delusion. — soon to fade.
 Thus we see, how Omnia Vincit Amor?

But
 So in the marriage lottery a "help-meet"
 Is often little more than a help-eat-meat!
 The form, and varnish, and the thin gilding,
 Have covered over the coarse interior
 And wholly cheated us, like a false coin!
 Or, we have cheated ourselves, by taking
 Masked, the guinea's stamp, for the true sign,
 And certain test, of sterling gold within,
 And, — when we have rung the gilded fiction
 Repent at leisure; — having chose in haste?

Some, awake from this sweet ^{spell} dream of Circe
To find an Angel's soul, in Venus' form
Their splendid prize, in drawing for a wife?—
Such, have cause to thank a wise Creator
For giving them the greatest bliss below—

{ This on the whole, is a fair estimate
Of what the daily life around us shows —

Mem. Here it is seen I follow the trail of the Essayists, not
to say Divines! — I take Milton for a text, and then
wander over Earth, and Air, and Ocean, at my
"Own sweet will" — But I have stuck pretty
closely to my text, in contrasting some of
 Eve's daughters, with her own pure, innocent,
And loving nature before her fall

This — Omnia Vincit Amor. — we

Through Earth, and Air, and Ocean, see. —

The old Latin proverb says "Aut amat, aut odit, mulier" is

A woman either loves, or hates —

As an illustration, see the "Medea" of Euripides —

And Homer, Iliad — "O Woman! Woman! when to ill thy mind

Is bent, all Hell contains no fouler fiend!"

The domestic Tragedies, that daily fill columns of the
Journals, and employ the courts, instruct us that
Human nature is ever the same. —

Rhythmic Notes on "Paradise Lost" — continued
 Book XII — "Wolves shall succeed for teachers, greedy Wolves"

When we look back on History's glowing page
 We see these "Wolves" in Papal splendor rule? —
 Vermin, whose names disgrace the human form?
 Such as the vile atrocious Borgia! —
 An infamy, called "Alexander sixth,"
 A human fiend! — anointed as Christ's Vicar! —
 Filling the Papal throne, like Satan crown'd, —
 Equal in his crimes, to the worst Caesars,
 The infamous Caligula, or Nero. —
 Making the Christian Church, a den of thieves?
 Raising revenue, by selling Pardons!
 As the viceregents of the Living God,
 For filthy lucre*! — in Religion's name. —

Phame on such vile impostors? — naked sham's! —
 Wreasting our Saviour's all-embracing Creed
 Of love to God, and man, — the true Religion,
 To the low ends of wringing from the poor
 Their hard earnings, for an Absolution
 From all degrees of sin, — all forms of Crime! + —
 Warping Christ's godlike doctrines to a cloak
 For all pollution! — covering every sin —

Our Patriots, who have been pursued to their Graves by persecution for opinions sattle — trodden down under the iron heel of power for freedom of Speech on human rights — Can scarcely be brought too often or prominently before us today — — — — —

Lockhart, in his life of Burns says. "According to the tradition of the neighbourhood, Burns inter alia gave great offence by demurring in a large mixed company to the proposed toast — viz — "The health of William Pitt" — and he left the room in indignation because the society rejected what he wished to substitute namely "The health of a greater and a better man? George Washington" — — — — — Burns is sure of all who adore Liberty, who honour Greatness, or reverence Virtue? — of all Democrats today, though the Aristocrats trod him into his grave yesterday — — — — —

All these scraps which I have sent to the Salem Observer, have been without a name, or a nomme de plume, of Tom Brown — Yet the Editors, Messrs Fox and Pease, have invariably treated my mental brats, kindly, — — — — — And they most certainly did not know who the writer was for I had not told any humane being — — — — —

Note, to the last lines of Thomas Campbell's
 "Spanish Patriots." — "Long trains of ill may pass unheeded, dumb?
 But vengeance is behind, and justice is to come?"

— Aye? the Avenger never leaves the track
 Of those who rise to power, on human wrong! —
 Close on their heels she follows, like hound? —
 And sure at last, to clutch them in her gripe
 And plunge them headlong to dishonoured graves? —
 This mighty Nemesis, may long pursue
 Before she strikes her victim to the ground. —
 But yet her hoarded vengeance never falls
 Scathless, beside the murderer of man! —

— It is a great fact, that those who coin gold from
 Tortured humanity — entail on all their posterity
 Who touch it a burning Curse — And this is the
 only light in which I can view the Commandment
 which affirms that God "visits the iniquities of the
 father upon the children to the third and fourth
 Generation" — except in the transmission of
 diseases, the consequence of their own sins —
 — vox Populi vox Dei — Caligula, Nero, and Domitian, fell headlong
 into bloody graves, in early manhood, amid the rejoicing shouts of
 of liberated millions, from the Euphrates to Britain? — While

All this, so foreign to "my own, my Native Land" — that when one fine morning a band of those itinerant musicians so common in poor down-trodden, Classic Italy, — who serenade a welcome to American Ships — for whatever pittance the charitable and humane may give. — If not for their music, — yet as some memento, some acknowledgment of sympathy with fallen greatness, and with her long roll of heroic sons — I say when this band struck suddenly into Yankee Doodle I leaped to the old tune in ecstasy? — Oh how I danced to that old familiar tune! — And at its close I mentally exclaimed with Goldsmith,

{ "That strain once more! — it bids remembrance rise
And brings my long-lost Country to my eyes" —

This suggests to me to capsize the six last lines of Goldsmith's Oratorio, ^{of Palestine} and transfer the scenery from Palestine to Salem, and Danvers, Mass —

The scenery around my home has always appeared to me beautiful, standing the test of peer apples viz "scenes must be beautiful, that daily seen, please daily" — And my experience of Scenery is world wide in space, and half a Century in time — here follows my Capsize

part of
A Capside of "Goldsmith's Oratorio of Palestine"

That strain once more! — it bids remembrance rise,
And brings my long lost country to my eyes;
The fields round Salem dress'd in wood-wax pride,
That plain call'd "Trask's" on the North river side,
Those hills like Gallows-hill, with granite crown'd,
That grove call'd "Harmony" — with tombs around,
How sweet these groves! — that plain! — how wondrous fair?
How doubly sweet our youthful gambols there —

There were no tombs around them, but the beautiful Grove sheltered, and
gave a home to singing birds and great numbers of squirrels, its nuts
forming their store house of provision — here on Wednesday
and Saturday afternoons (Lecture days) we waded the River or
crossed on a raft & spend a summers afternoon in play amongst
its romantic shades, these companions are now mostly gone over
to the majority, "Abiit ad Plures" as the Old Romans said of their
departed friends —

Adieu that past! — and too Adieu
My young companions in the play
How many of ye are no more!
Whose merry laughter rung that day
Laura Bullock

Here I pile suggestions, on suggestions, my mind generally
in such cases, jumping with magnetic attraction, to kindred ideas —

"No" he said, "you phantom's aspect,

Trust me, — would appeal thee worse,

Held in clearly measured prospect? —

Ask not for a Curse! — Thomas Campbell

Seek not to unveil thy future,

If thou would not Visions see,

That will freeze thy soul with terror!

As thy coming Destiny *

Why call up those shrouded Spectres

Ere their time? — thy life to Curse!

They full soon will tell their mission.

Do not make their mission worse? —

Wouldst thou have thy shrouded Vindict

Pointing to thee from afar? —

Wouldst thou have the Mighty Reaper

Shewing thee some ghastly scar! —

Couldst thou bear to see life's miseries

Corroding round thy bed and board!

Telling of their certain coming —

Shouting like some savage horde! — over turn

* Remember the fate of Eve, and through her, of Adam? —
 But the human soul — some saying, into a knowledge
 which exists around us, I but withhold on pain of being
 in face of men? — the pain of seeking our blissful Eden
 of ignorance, for an uplifting knowledge! —

A mixed mass of fearful visions?
 Skeletons, and walking shrouds! —
 Coffins! Demons! — strange provisions?
 Pressing round thy steps in crowds! —

Oh no? — no? — thou couldst not bear it —
 Seek not terrors such as these; —
 Put thy trust in thy Creator? —
 And await His wise decrees. —

Wait in patience, — resignation —
 Doing all thy duty here. —
 Trust the rest to Heaven's Mercy? —
 Wait the Future without fear: —

These are my ideas on that desire, so natural to the mind,
 to unravel all mysteries, to attain all knowledge, — a desire,
 (according to Scripture,) that stimulated our first Mother to defy
 the tremendous penalty attached to this prying Curiosity,
 and seek Knowledge, which (as said, and written) has sent its
 long array of Curse down to our day, and us —

— I think there may be some occult, mostly Latent power of the
 human mind, that may enable it under certain conditions
 to project itself into the Grave of the distant Past? — In.

On forward, into the Womb of the Coming Future.—

Mental lightnings play across the whole stream of History, that point to such electricity of mind, — & occult powers — yet neither such knowledge is from the original "Tree of Knowledge of Good and Evil" — whose roots have shot down the soil of Ages, from Eden, to our day, — whether the tasting its fruit is as destructive now, as to our first parents, we are — Questions waiting solution — But it seems to me that such knowledge is mercifully withheld from the mass of mankind, if it is attainable by any process, — or is the result of any constitutional idiosyncrasy — — The celebrated Cavignoli told Lord Lindsay that he had pursued Magic to the extreme bounds of what is permitted man to know — and Live? — intimating that such knowledge exists, and may be abused to our own self destruction —

The primal Eden itself, had this "tree" of occult knowledge. Niebuhr, in his lectures on Ancient History held, that the Myths of the ancient world had a basis of fact, underlying their superstructure of beautiful, graceful, fable. — Admitting this theory, I ask myself — may not the allegorical tree of Eden whose fruit gave our first parents — a forbidden knowledge, be the Original of this occult, but apparently forbidden knowledge, of which we may taste if we will, but at the risk of being driven from a happy ignorance

Ruthornie Nite to Campbell's "Adelgitha" — in which he
descends from his usual elevated grounds, to Sentimental
Pattos, well brewed, — soft as "Billy's mother" —

eg — " She fell into his arms — and fainted

It was indeed, her own true Knight" —

Just so — on which I jingle

— And so good night, to Knight, and lady, —

For this finishes the tale

As the Novel-writers, write it. —

Married life, to them is stale? —

— Theirs are sentimental sorrows? —

Not coarse, downright, Keeping house! —

With the screams of noisy children,

Bread-and-butter, — scolding spouse. —

— Barber's bills, and house-rent, coming,

Business slack, — deposits low, —

Six fat children roaring round us! —

Ah, my friend, this "is not slow." — it aint indeed! —
no how

How is bread and butter furnished
For these six fat children man! —
How, on six bare shillings daily
Feed them! — if you can? —

"Love, within a cottage" — surely
Sounds extremely nice, and sweet? —
But, look 'tother side the picture! —
"Dear, we've nothing left to eat!" —

"All the beef is gone, — already? —
Bread has vanished? — cloaths in rags? —
Pray get Mr Fum to trust you? —
Kisses, are not money-bags!" —

So our "better half" discourgeth,
Till our heads, and hearts, are sore —
Six fat children crying round us! —
Here. — we open wide the door. —

With one desperate plunge, we exit?
Make a bolt for Mr Fum's,
Open out a bill on Credit! —
Back it home through the "back slum's" — *

* How often the youthful dream of Love in a cottage,
 dwindles down to these coarse, unsentimental platitudes:—
 The gorgeous Rainbow, that spanned passion's sky,
 Suddenly vanishes? and lo! from its cloud, descends
 A shower of troubles, that wakes us from our blissful
 Dream, by wetting us to the skin, with its cold splash
 of descending wants, — its necessity for bread and
 butter, and the vulgar items of house rent, and
 fuel, and such stern Realities of life. — That so often
 dissipate the blissful Dream, in a debris of
domestic wreck? — And all because we have entered
 this partnership without foreparation, or forethought
 without counting the cost, or investigating the
 real mental wealth, and capability of our
partner, in this important transaction —

Sic Transit Gloria Mundi —

See page 37 — 74.

Ego Novels, and Romances, — my own impressions, 183—

Fortunately for my desire, and acquisition, of Knowledge, these mental dram-drinkings early became unsatisfactory to me, from a decided taste for facts. — Fiction, (except in its highest forms, such as the beautiful Arabian Tales, The Persian, and Grecian, Myths. — ~~or~~ Cervantes, Le Sage, our own Walter Scott, &c.) Is a kind of mental intoxication, that leaves the mind prostrated in the dust, and incapable of a true and appreciating relish for Historic beauties, Scientific research, and the pleasures of the higher literature of Ages. — It prematurely develops passions, that ought longer to sleep; creates a morbid taste for excitement that panders to our lowest sensual nature, and shuts us out from communion with the mighty dead, the great mental lights, that illumine the annals of man. — from a familiar acquaintance with whom alone, we can hope to progress in Knowledge, and Wisdom, — apart from our own limited vision, — On this head, I quote William H Prescott Esq in an essay on Cervantes, and the monstrous tales of Chivalry, his great

work, so effectually strangled and buried —
 Mr Prescott thus speaks of the debauching effect
 on the taste and morals of the young. Such works
 produce — "The mind familiarized with these monstrous
 over-coloured pictures, lost all relish for the chaste
 and sober productions of Art. — The love of the gigantic
 and the marvellous, indisposed the reader for the
 simple delineations of truth in real history. —
 The feelings expressed by a sensible Spaniard of
 the sixteenth century, the anonymous author of
 the "Dialogo de las Lenguas" — probably represents those
 of his contemporaries — "Ten years of my life," says he
 "were spent no more profitably than in devouring these lies!
 which I did even while eating my meals — and the consequence
 was, that if I took in hand any true book of History,
 or one that passed for such, I was unable to wade
 through it." — See W. H. Prescott's Miscellanies —

* not Don Quixote, but the "old Spanish Novels, and their
 modern representatives —

Tuesday March 17th 1857 10^{am}

* Webster says "Contemporaries" is the preferable word —

Toussaint L Overture. — Conspicuous among
 the victims of Napoleon's Ambition, policy, or revenge,
 stands this noble negro chieftain — a Man per se —
 Napoleon trapped him by the basest perfidy,
 and left him to perish piecemeal, alone, in
 a dungeon whose floor was under water, — in the
 Castle of Joux in Normandy — But,
remark the Justice of Heaven? — Napoleon himself
 fell as low, and perished as miserably? —

Retrospect —

{ "Oh thou who never yet of human wrong
 Left the unbalanced scale? — great Nemesis! —" — }

How, in thy mighty grasp at last we saw
 Napoleon writhing, for such deeds as these! —

He perished too, a victim to his foes? —

Chained like Prometheus to his giant rock,
 And like Toussaint a close prisoner died! —

Himself, — his meteor flight, — his mournful fall, —

How like L. Overture's? — on whom he trod! —

A warning to all those who on the fallen tread! —

over turn

* This idea of an Avenger, the Greek and Roman Sophist, disguised under the name of Nemesis — and is familiar to every exponent of classic Antiquity.

Here is the retribution sure to come
 On all inhuman deeds of high or low:
 "We still have justice here!" — for evil deeds,
 And like a blood-hound Nemesis pursues
 The robber, and the murderer, to his grave? —
 How did the "Mighty Modern" in her grasp
 Drink of the poisoned Chalice to the dregs
 Which on the Negro chieftain he had forced! —
 Thus the Avenger brings her scales to poise? —
 Shouting to mortals "Learn to do no wrong" —

"Vox populi — Vox Dei" — And this same voice of the people
 Attests the native, inherent goodness of the human heart
 when unbiassed by passion, or interest, her sympathies
 are always with the fallen the oppressed, trodden
 down and crushed under the iron heel of Power.
 — And Napoleon himself in his last mournful
 struggles, when the tremendous plunge, from a
 throned terror of a world, — to a close caged
 prisoner on an ocean rock, had sobered and
 refined in some measure his egotistic nature —
 Comes in for sympathy, with generous minds,
 who see the noble Eagle chained to a cage, and
 irritated by a Low keeper, writhing himself to Death —

MacKrimmon's Lament. — Sir Walter Scott.

"Cha till mi tuille" — or We return no more

Sir Walter Scott says. "This lament is too well known from its being the strain which the emigrants from the West Highlands, and Isles usually take leave of their native Land" — This suggested to me the following verses which have little in common with the original but the feeling

Farewell! — we return, we return no more! —

These mournful words echo from the shore
MacKrimmon's wail as he leaves his home
For distant lands o'er the briny foam. —

Oh never more to our native home
We return again, through Ocean's foam: —
Farewell Dunvegan. "Cha till mi tuille"

How those mournful words through my bosom thrill —

How their sound calls up the departed past,
How that home clings to us as we look our last
Its sunny memories of our youthful days
The dear loved faces round its hearth's bright blaze. —

over

A mother's love?— her sweet smile I see—
 My father's form as I climbed his knee—
 Sisters, and Brothers.— All farewell?—
 My eyes with tears at your memories swell—

And thou dear loved one whose grave I see
 Whose bright eyes once were a heaven to me
 Farewell!— O 'tis torture to say farewell!—
 Such burning Visions in my memory dwell—

Farewell!— we return, we return no more!—
 We seek a home on a distant shore
 But this parting scene with torture burn
 My soul as I think we no more return?—

This is wholly different from the metre
 And air of the Lament, which only called
 Up visions slumbering in my own mind
 Visions of the depressing melancholy with
 which I have in other days bid adieu
 To home, and its dear household countenances
 When starting on a long foreign voyage,
 Feelings none need envy.— Yet were
 mitigated by hope of return

In the autumn of 1851 when Louis Rossack landed on our shores "The Living Age" came out with a grand flourish of drums and trumpets in support of his mission. In my copy of the "Living Age" for Jan'y 1852 I find a note of mine written on my view of things then - which now in 1857 I think worthy of Note - eg - here it is

This writer (the writer of the article in Littell's Living Age) talks lightly of a most momentous subject? - no less than turning our ploughshares into swords, and muskets, and exhausting our resources in raising, and maintaining great armies - for without strength, - protest is useless - The cost of armies in an offensive foreign war we may in some measure estimate when we remember the war of our Revolution cost Great Britain 750 millions of dollars. But how ridiculous for us to attempt to bully great military monarchies? - The whole Revenues of the Union added to heavy taxation over all the states, could not maintain a force that could make an impression on Russia, or Austria, on their own soil? - the idea is supremely absurd? - But we might make up a flower quite competent

My ideas on Kossuth's mission

competent to destroy ourselves — With such
 an Army at his back, some aspiring Caesar, or
 Napoleon of our age might overturn our Liberties
 And thus bury human freedom in her last
 retreat! — With her would sink all the hopes
 of the friends of human progress throughout
 the world. — Our wide spread and rich com-
 merce would become a welcome spoil for the navies
 of Europe and the pirates of the world? —
 Strange that men should so soon forget the
 warning words of our Immortal Washington? —
 Or worse, to think his words have lost their force
 and value, and have lapsed through time!
 because told so by this Foreign Missionary
 Who, however we may respect his patriotism,
 and sympathize with his misfortunes, we
 must not disguise from ourselves that his single
 Object in coming to our shores is to endeavour
 to engage our government through the sympathies
 of the people, in a disastrous European Crusade!

Once entangled in the web of European quarrels,
 And our Country will have decidedly descended
 from the proud position she now occupies? —

to our shores; — and on Foreign Propagandism

67

Involved in a calamitous war of our own seeking from which we could not recede without dishonour and disgrace, we should be saddled with a great standing Army, and a powerful Navy — And here alone we have a nucleus of evils sufficient to destroy the liberty and prosperity of any state².

Those who endeavour to entice us to this suicidal course are in fact our worst enemies? — Rossiter informs us that the policy of Washington has lapsed with its day! — and does not apply to us today! — Are we become so ignorant of ourselves? of our institutions? as to require, or permit, a foreigner to interpret to us the true meaning of the immortal Farewell Address! — we should be stupid indeed if such a monstrous fallacy could a moment impress on us? — Our mission is still with this western world alone, — and a continued and entire non-interference with any portion of the foreign world? — To shew mankind that peace can stimulate more than war, — That by the diffusion of knowledge among the entire masses by a system of public schools, men are fitted for the arduous duties of governing themselves cheaply
over

cheaply and well? Republics should always watch with a jealous eye the increase of Armies beyond the most pressing wants of the state. — But in this case we are called upon to set ourselves up as dictators to the great European powers? — Self constituted Umpires in the feuds and bickerings of distant States! Great military monarchies, maintaining giant Armies, on any one of which, the whole power of this Union concentrated, could make no impression?

The part of a bully is a most disreputable one even with the power of the Russian — but where it is not backed by any power it is simply ridiculous, and contemptible, — The success of our Revolutionary struggle, and still more the late Mexican war, have led great masses of superficial minds to think we are invincible! — That our military tastes and habits are known, and dreaded! Throughout the World? — And that our mere dictum can arrest the designs of Russia and Austria! —

It is to be hoped this strange delusion will be rectified without resort to the Ultima Ratio Regem, — We have

have yet wise and able men among us, who can properly estimate the dangers of a course that has been publicly advocated by Governor Boutwell of Massachusetts! — Surely we are not called to the Lincolne attempt to force by arms the Cause of Democracy over the broad surface of Europe? — Even if we had power to put it on its legs there — It cannot stand alone. It is yet too ignorant weak and divided to face its mighty foes — But its trials and experiences are we hope educating it by the only sure means, for future success —

Samuel Bullock

Such are my opinions on the question of Material Aid — which was the object of Foster's Mission, and which at one time gained such an Ascendancy as made thoughtful men sad to see how easily great masses of men, even in our land, and age, may be led by the nose by propagandists, in defiance of Reason and Common Sense. —

"See the poor dog, in life our firmest friend,
The first to welcome, foremost to defend."

70

Incidents of the Reign of Terror

A Butcher condemned to death by the
Revolutionary tribunal was sent to the
Guillotine. His faithful dog followed the
cart in which he was carried to the place
de la Revolution. — as he mounted the
Scaffold the dog followed his master with
his faithful eyes until the victim disappeared
under the axe of the Guillotine? — after
searching a long time in vain to find
his master the animal followed the same
cart back to the Conciergerie, where he
remained waiting at the prison door.
And the next morning followed the cart
again on its same mission of death —
he continued thus to follow it for
more than a month as attested by
numerous witnesses, and then
disappeared"

Secret memoirs of Josephine
written by Mlle Le Normand

See Napoleon's vivid thoughts and description of a fight scene
after the battle of Rossbach, the poor Soldier's dog, a stake of real pathos.

A volume of essays, by seven English scholars - 1860
 1st essay by Dr Temple - 2^d by Dr Williams
 the third by the Savilian professor of Astronomy
 at Oxford, the 4th Rev^d Dr Wilson - 5th Mr Goodwin
 6th Mr Pattison - 7th Mr Lowell -

"Its chief results are the idea of Monotheism
 and the principle of Purity" - "That the human
 Race is a "Colossal man" - the creeds, doctrines,
 principles, opinions of successive ages, his thought -
 that the details of the Mosaic ritual are sanctioned
 by Divine Authority "is utterly irreconcilable with
 our present feelings" - of the Christian dispensation
 they say "had this revelation been delayed till
 now, assuredly it would have been hard for us
 to recognise his divinity" - They subject
 Scripture to a process like that of Niebuhr
 upon Livy - or Wolff upon Homer

My reflections on "Essays and Reviews" - Its
 The truth is, the pure simple Religion of Christ himself
 never prevailed extensively in the world. - Its a name,
 it was laid hold of to build up the Hierarchical
 half Jewish church of the dark ages -
 Indeed that old ceremonial Ecclesia, was perhaps
 the best, that gloomy age could believe in -
 It was a phase in the religious progress of Man,
 above and beyond the preceding Polytheism. -
 but too gross and sensual for a more
 advanced and enlightened age - such as ours -
 which as it more clearly discerns the simplicity and
 beauty of the Christianity of Christ himself
 tends to slough off the parasitic fungous
 growths of dead ages, and Historical proofs -
 and accept the purer Moral Code of Christ

There's plenty such, along the shore? -

"See the poor dog, in life our firmest friend,
The first to welcome, foremost to defend, &c."

70

Metaphysics

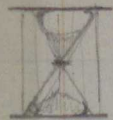
* "Chance, in the external world
corresponds to free-will, in the Internal

While the doctrine of the ^{theological} necessary
connection, of events — is equally
analogous to Predestination

yet neither view is considered
tenable per se — and we must
rest at last in the belief that
our Creator has ^{only} permitted us
to see the whole design —
and aware the knowledge that
a better state of being in the
unknown Spirit Land may give
to us beyond the tomb

+ this definition amounts to this, there is no
such thing as Chance, in the whole range
of our Creator's works — and no strictly
free, will, but his own —

See Keats's poem, "Thoughts and description of a fight scene
after the battle of Bannockburn, the poor Soldier's dog, a stake of real pathos."



"Thus saith the Preacher, nought beneath the Sun
Is New" —

Text for rhythmic notes on the hour glass was
Look at these sands, as old as Time,
Imprisoned in their glassy cones? —
How strange the histories they could tell,
If vocal, — with the "Preacher's" tones? —

Aye — they could tell us how the scene
Whirled in terrific foam and roar;
When Chaos in the primal hour
Ruled the black storm! — an Amarch hear —

How, when this reign of terror pass'd,
And the bright orb of day gave life,
At our Creator's high commands
First ceased the darkness, storm, and strife. —

How — then arose, — ~~who~~ say no more? —

Dear sir, at present? — don't I begin

I've had enough? — aye, quite too much! —

En off, I am? — I'll show a leg! — I will

I'm going! — going!! — going!!! — Gone! —

I'm off, I say? — I'll hear no more? —

I care not for your Ancient Sands.

There's plenty such, along the shore? —

This is a variation on the lines
page 11 to 13

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Incidents of the Reign of Terror

When Marie Antoinette was transferred to the Conciergerie she was confined in a room called The Chambre du Conseil which was regarded as the most unhealthy room in that horrible prison, all of it hurried, and infectious. — Under pretext of giving her some one to whom she could make known her wants, they sent her a man to act as a spy over the unhappy queen. — His voice, and face, were frightful, and he was employed in the most filthy and disgusting offices about the prison. His name was Barrassin a thief and assassin by profession, who had been convicted by the Criminal Tribunal and sentenced to four years confinement in irons. — But the Keeper of the prison wanting a watchdog procured this wretch from the galleys to serve out his time in the prison of the Conciergerie where he had his Gally-staves bench. — Such was the abandoned villain who acted as Valet-de-Chambre to the Queen of France! — Some days before her execution

This highway-robber, functionary was removed from her, and a gendarme was stationed in her room as a sentinel, who watched her night and day — and from whom she was only separated, even while asleep on her bed of rags, by a miserable tattered screen! — In this diemal abode this daughter of the Cæsars had no other clothing than an old black gown half worn out, which she was obliged to mend every day to hide her nakedness from those who visited her! — she was even without shoes to her feet! — she who was born in the purple, and daughter of Maria Teresa! — who had enjoyed all the the pleasure Earth can give, and in her mournful ^{ends} endured all the evil it can inflict

Memoirs of Josephine, by

Mlle Le Normand

"Call no man happy before his death" —

Said the Grecian Sage. — And Solon never knew a greater misery than that of Marie Antoinette Queen of France

At the commencement of the Reign of Terror Mademoiselle Lenormand the famous Sibyl of Paris, whose residence was Rue de Jourdon N^o 1153, was visited one evening by three young men dressed in the Jacobin costume of carmagnoles, and caps to match, who seemed very elated and merry. They told her their business was to enquire into their future. — She looked at them in silence, and seemed embarrassed. — They encouraged her to proceed, and tell the worst, swearing no harm should result to her. — At last, at their continued entreaties, she proceeded to predict their future, whose entire mortal span was close at hand. — She told each that he would soon rise high over the foam and roar of a great social hurricane and Deluge. — which for a time, they would combine to control and guide. — but soon would sink, overwhelmed by its blood, and fury, and vanish from earth under the axe of the Guillotine! — They shouted with derisive laughter at this prediction. — and left in a merry mood. — These young men

were the prime agents of terror, Maximilien Robespierre, St Just, and La Fosse? —

The Sibyl was right — But as these terrorists rose to power on the Revolutionary storm they saw the strange prediction apparently fast fulfilling in part and they deemed it prudent to shut up the prophetess in the prison of the Petite Force, and Robespierre's sudden fall just saved her head from the axe! her name being on the fatal list for the next day! —

While the Sibyl, Lenormand, was imprisoned in the Petite Force Josephine de Beauharnais lay incarcerated among many other noble ladies in the Conciergerie — some of whom were anxious to consult the Oracle of whose imprisonment they had heard, and they contrived to send her the documents necessary — viz she requested the month and day of the applicants birth, the age, the first letters of the person's name, and the birth place; the favorite color, the animal preferred, the one most disliked and the favorite flower. — All of these prisoners were expecting death —

Josephine de Beauharnais sent hers, and the response returned was, that a terrible trial awaited her (the execution of General Beauharnais) but she would survive it and marry one who would astonish the world, and place on her head a Crown.

The Empress related seriously that Buonaparte in his youth and obscurity, anxious for the future, without money, and unable to obtain employment — was thinking to enter the service of the "Grand Seigneur" — he went to consult the Oracle of Paris — She told him he was thinking of entering the Turkish Service, but said "you will not obtain a passport — Your destiny calls you to act a distinguished part in France? — You will marry a widow who will bring you all the happiness you are allowed, on Earth — her influence will enable you to attain the highest rank in modern times, but beware you do not part with her? — while you remain united all will go well: But" * (she did not finish)

Soon, the Guillotine chopped off the head of the modern Pylla — and paved the way for the modern Caesar

Robespierre was but a mock Sylla — he had not a
 tithe of the Soul of the great Roman Dictator. —
 And Napoleon can not much better be
 compared to Great Julius. — The most complete
 character in all Antiquity, as Lord Bacon
 thought. —

* This "But" — is, Beware of a divorce! — Beware of
 The Austrian precipice! crowned with flowers. —
 With Maria Louisa you wed destruction! — her dowry
 is Ruin! — Cut loose from Josephine, and the
 terrific Avenger confronts you! — Link yourself
 to that Hapsburg, and the tragic fate of her Aunt,
 the Queen, Marie Antoinette, will repeat itself on
 You! — Your mission is to the Masses? —
There, you stand firm? — Quit those, and join
 the old Despots, and your fall is sure? —
 The Hapsburg is more fatal, than banded Europe? —
 Remember! — Your choice, is life, or Death! —

thus I translate the "But"

It would seem that this grey-coated Man of Destiny
 had many warnings — yet it is probable that he
 had satisfied himself that here, he was powerless:
 that none can evade Providential decree? — only submit

Extracts from "Anastasis; or Memoirs of
A Greek;— by Thomas Hope—
being reflections of a deeply thinking mind
on the great questions of freedom of will,
Destiny, fatalism, predestination, etc—
And my own comments thereon. The
Anastasis thus muses—

"How whimsical a thing, thought I, is
man's immutable destiny!— How variously
seem contrasted, its most proximate vicissitudes?
And yet how intimately are linked its furthest
incidents? — — — — — But how many minute
and hidden agencies, is often irresistibly
produced the last, and sole ostensible cause,
of the weightiest events! — — —"

"How entirely is the will, that seems sponta-
neously to urge us on;— an unavoidable offering
of Circumstances, wholly independant of that
Will? — Since they are prior to the very
existence of the being whom it sways! —"

"Thus,— A fair form arises on my sight in
Damascus. — — — This form just catches

My eye from a distance, and flits away—
 This form, never before, or since beheld,
 makes me throw down a Frank, accidentally
 on the steps of the Mosque—crop a Friar's
 beard—And these compel me to seek
 refuge from Dejezar Pacha. (the Butcher, in
 the vortex of Stamboul,*" — — —

"There, in protecting a friend from the
 inclemency of a Court minion, I rid the world
 of the Russian, which obliges me again to
 abandon Stamboul, and fly.— God only
 knows whether?" — — —

"How fearfully above all, Blood, begets Blood!—
 Had I not many years before, slain a Greek
 under the walls of the Capital, I should not
 have spilled Mameluke blood under the battlements
 of Cairo? — Nor by a recoil, as distant
 as the first impulse, again have shed Turkish
 blood in the suburbs of Constantinople?" — — —

"But stay! — In this filiation of slaughter was
 I entirely passive! — Had my own temper

* Stamboul the Turkish corruption of the Greek
 εὐς τῆς πόλεως, pronounced ess teen bolin, denoting
 going to the city, KAT ΕΣΤΙΝ.

Had my own Temper no share in the
 Languinary parentage? — Did not the
 untowardness of my own desposition give
 fertility to otherwise barren Circumstances? —
If at one time I durst have owned a friend, —
 As another could have pardoned an enemy —
 As a third could have held in deserved Contempt
 A silly Coxcomb — would not this troublesome
 generation of murders have been stifled in the
 birth? — The causes that brought them
 forth, remained childless. — And the black
Asperity have wasted away in the vast womb
 of Time? —³³

Here is a cud for Casuists to chew! — a nut for moralists
 and Theologists to crack.

Again —² — Plausible indeed! — But that if —
 The indispensable condition of the favourable
 alternative. — What prevented it from growing
 into a reality? — What mixed up with my
 Temper those fiery combustible ingredients —
 always ready to explode and silence Treason —
 raising my hand, ere my mind could check
 the blow? — was it myself? — Certainly not! —

For if at my outset in life, the option had been given me, — how gladly would I have received, instead of a bias to Evil, and its bitter fruit; — an inclination to Good and its benificent consequences? —

"But to whom, said I is such an option granted! — In whom does not the inclination preponderate either to good or evil. — only according to examples around? — to lessons taught, circumstances experienced? — the very constitution inherited from parents? — or the elements imbibed from Climate, and food, prior to the first dawn of individual Volition?"

"However prone man may be to think himself endowed with free agency, as soon as his actions correspond with his own wishes. — However much he may forget that those very wishes are not free. — however much he may regard this will as spontaneous from its being often so nicely poised between agencies so numerous, so Complex, so minute, so intimately connected with the most distant prior circumstances, that

Here we are on ground where the grandest intellects and the deepest thoughts have wandered in the pursuit of truth. — yet, like the mythic Sirens, seem to be chasing the setting sun.

that It yields irresistibly to impulses, of which, the precise period, place, boundary, even existence, cannot be definitely recognized? — It is not the less true, that we do not possess the smallest particle of body or intellect, which is not an Emanation of the Creator? That we cannot perform the most trifling action, or conceive the most transient desire (If there be a Single First Cause of all sensible effects) — which does not proceed originally from the express Will of that First Cause alone? — See page 186 on this theme

Another from Anastasius, —

"Man is, from his first breath, unto his last, as wholly passive an instrument in the hands of Providence, as plants, or minerals? — Conforming as fully to the irresistible decrees of Heaven, in doing what is blamed, as in performing what is praised? — He is as guilty of rebellion against Heaven, in attempting to decline the task of Evil — as that of Good? — Say rather, — where he thinks he most rebels he most implicitly obeys — leaving to Heaven itself, the real accountability for the evils of the Moral, as of the Physical World

Make this conclusion of an able man, seeking truth, amid these fog-banks of time but few will assent to it

Here is abundant food for thought we may deny, but cannot disprove This indeed on these absorbing themes

crack these hard nuts we burned Diaboloi. —

"But it struck my mind that if Omnipotence had not merely permitted, but had positively ordained, Good to be constantly mixed with Evil on this transient wailing scene — it was in reality with the benevolent design of teaching Creatures destined to ultimate felicity, through sufferings, that, which a more perfect state could not have taught — " " "

Comments — Notes, and Queries — to Anastasius

Here we want a great Sophos, a Newton of the mental world to solve these giant problems of Moral Gravity and scatter the darkness.

If we admit that man is wholly passive, as an instrument in the hands of Providence, we cut off all freedom of will, and as a consequence do away with all responsibility for our actions —

And if all our actions are a necessary fatality —

If we are merely passive instruments of a Divine Decree, why should Conscience upbraid us with the commission of even the most atrocious Crimes! —

Or, why should the universal voice of mankind in every age, the "VOX Populi," which on these great moral themes is truly the "VOX Dei,"

brand Tiberius, Caligula, Nero, and Domitian,

The ancient precept Know Thyself seems impossible of attainment, for it seems to include the knowledge of the original design of the Deity respecting us —

With eternal infamy — While it consecrates
to the love and admiration of all time, the
Glorious memories of Titus, Trajan, and the
Antonines? —

Is it not because our instinctive consciousness
tells us we have a certain freedom of will.

and are thus morally responsible to our
fellow men, and Heaven, for ~~the~~ ^{our} good
and, Evil actions, on this passing scene
that we always brand Cruelty, and inhuman
Crimes with infamy — while we joyfully
unite to praise such glorious names as
Washington! — Why should we do so
if we held them mere blind instruments of
Inevitable Decree! — I pause for a reply:
who will solve me these knotty questions? — God alone, can
as it seems —

The famous Sibyl of Paris Mlle Lenormand
said, in a note to Memoirs of the empress Josephine
— "The fatality that pursues us is often but the
just recompence of our guilty designs" —
"Whole generations are sometimes punished
for the Crimes of their fathers" —

Here are knotty questions, hard nuts to crack, problems, perhaps
insoluble, in our present probationary state.

Lord Byron said "Socrates had his Demon,"

Spoke Lewis his monitor, and Napoleon many warnings. — The tale of the mysterious Minion who seemed attendant on the fortunes of the "Mighty Modern," of which hints, and obscure indexes are all I have been enabled to gather, are more broadly stated in the secret Memoirs of Josephine by Mlle Lenormand, — I condense her remarks

— "During the last two years of Buonapartes reign there was a tale continually repeated in the Salons of Paris about a little Red Man, who presented himself at Fontainebleau, and St Cloud, to obtain an audience of the Emperor — It was currently reported and seriously believed that this little Red Man, had been seen in the Palace of the Tuileries conversing with Napoleon — It was whispered among the Emperor's friends that this little gentleman talked loudly to him, recalling to his mind the famous Oath which he (Buonaparte) had taken in the heart of the great Pyramid of Cheops in Egypt — An Oath that denounced "Death to Tyrants whoever, and whatever they may be" —

"The express Formula of the Oath was this" — Mlle Lenormand

"I consent to be put to death, if I shall make

Napoleon, versus the Illuminati

make any covenant with Royalty. —
In order to extinguish ^{it} in Europe I will, without
reserve employ fire and sword, and will
sacrifice whatever is dearest to me should the Society
of which I now become a member Command me
so to do" — "He signed the Oath with his own
Blood." — These illuminati were called the

"Philadelphs" Buonaparte had his first interview
with the head of this league in a celebrated
Mosque — This prime agent is the terrible
"little Red Man," Napoleon's Evil Genius —

"I will render you inaccessible to the stroke of Fate.
On condition of fidelity to us, and, wearing the usual
dress" (the grey surtout and little hat, of the man of Destiny) —
said this strange being —

What might be the result knowledge, of these
"Invulnerable" "Invisibles" — or "Free judges" ^{as they were called}, does
not appear, but the story of the Red Man,
and the little "Grey Man", who visited Buonaparte
in his tent, in Russia. On the eve of the battle
of Borodino. have a mysterious air, looking
like communications from an Invisible world? —

But all predictions converged in a point. viz
by assuming the Imperial Crown, and divorcing —

Josephine. He abdicated Empire and sunk
to rise no more! — This was certainly the result

He rose like a Meteor? blazed for a few
Years over a terrified World, and descending with
the same fearful rapidity sunk to rest, a chained
Eagle, on that giant rock of the southern Ocean
so emblematic of the man, Alone, towering, and
Magnificent, a Mausoleum appropriate to the
Mighty Dead — The Modern Caesar —

To me it seems that Napoleon's connection
with these secret sects, and his constant
prying into the mysteries of occult knowledge,
was principally to guard* himself, and
sustain his balance on the giddy height
of power to which he had climbed over
such heaps of Corpses? — waded through such
rivers of human Blood! —

The strange figure that visited Napoleon on the eve
of the terrific battle of Borodino, seems like the
Ghoully Phantom that called on Brutus, warning
him of Phillip's battle ground —

* Yet if we admit that we can, and do, attain this knowledge,
we have not advanced a step! — for coming events cannot be
evaded by knowledge of their approach! — we can only at best
be resigned — the great wheel of events revolves as unimpeded
as our planet — we can no more escape from its action
than from Death.

Napoleon's second partner Maria Louisa
 Archduchess of Austria, was eldest daughter
 of Francis II Emperor of Germany —
 This princess ^{was a Niece} of Maria Antoinette Queen of
 France, whose beauty and mournful fate
 have embalmed her memory for all
 time. On page 79 is seen her misery
 under the barbarisms of the Reign of Terror

How strange to this daughter of the Cascaut
 To find herself in the Chateau of the Tuilleries
 Whence her aunt was so lately hurricad
 As a victim to the revolutionary thirst
 for blood

Three revolutions have succeeded, and now
 Another Napoleon has seated himself on
 the throne of France, — It has proved a
 fatal seat to so many sitters, that his
 Course, and actions, attract the attention
 of all thinking men, —

Excerpta from Mons A De Tocqueville on the
Ancient Regime of France.. —

"History it is easily perceived, is a picture-
Gallery, containing a host of Copies, and
very few Originals" — p 88 — — —

Mons De Tocqueville says of the innumerable office
holders under the Ancient Regime — "The only
substantial difference between the custom
of those days and our own, resides in
the prices paid for office. — Then they
were sold by government, — now they
are bestowed, — It is no longer necessary
to pay money; the object can be attained
by selling one's Soul?" — p 115

Is not this kind of barter common
among Uncle Sam's family to day? —

As an instance of the contempt in which the peasants
were held by the Nobility, Clergy, and middle classes,
before the Revolution Mons de Tocqueville remarks "One is
reminded of Madame de Tachatelet, who, according to Voltaire's
secretary, had no objection to undress before her servants —

As she was not convinced that valets were men!"
 Those ^{who} would get a clear view of the causes that
 originated that great social hurricane, the French
 Revolution, — should look at it from the stand point
 of the present, with the telescope of Mons^r De Toqueville —
 perhaps the ablest man in Europe as a guide competent
 to an exploration of the whole ground. — A Legislator,
 Jurist, publicist, — a scholar familiar with the whole
 field of ancient and modern history, and an
 author whose brilliant work on the "Democracy in America"
 will carry his name down to future ages with
 Thucydides, Tacitus, and Pallust — with Hume
 Robertson and Gibbon,

Presence of mind. — He who would disarm danger, must
 meet it boldly. — If you would touch a Nettle without
 being stung, grasp it stoutly, and without fear? —
 Do the same by any other danger, and hardly anything
 will hurt you. — "Beware of entrance, to a quarrel,
 but being once in, bear thyself stoutly, that the enemy
 may beware of thee" — When it becomes necessary to resent
 Insult, punish brutality, defend innocence, or back the fallen,
 do not stop to bluster, pitch in at once, astonish the ruffian,
 and whip him, immediately? — if not sooner —

Excerpts from Coupers Preface "Our language is less musical than the Greek - but musical enough for all the purposes of melodious verse - Milton's works prove this, that no subject however sublime can demand greater force of expression than is within the compass of the English language" -

Again "To be poetical without rhyme is an argument of a sound classical constitution in any language" -

Again "Homer who writes always to the eye - with all his sublimity, and grandeur, has all the minuteness of a Flemish painter - He has been the wonder of all Countries and Ages that his works have reached" -

His astonishing powers better entitle him to the honours of an Apotheosis than any other in human History

Reverie — Suggested by

Mons de Tocqueville's "Old Regime" —

Where are the Anglo Saxon branch of the Teutonic Race tending to day — In England we see Aristocracy fast giving way to the power and intelligence of the masses — The House of Lords has become practically a nullity — The Commons have grasped the powers of the State and for all practical purposes govern it. —

France gives symptoms of vibrations of instability — Oscillating uneasily and tremulously between the wish for a Republic and the present necessity for a strong single arm — There is no one hopeful of progress and the future of our race doubts where this vibration must ultimately settle. —

The dying words of Napoleon respecting a coming war of Opinion, embittered by the Antagonism of Race, over the broad surface of Europe has an Oracular sound — we seem on the verge of great events for Europe, and mankind — If the compromise system of limited Monarchy should retire from the arena the giant

Antagonisms of a universal despotism, and
 Universal Republic, will stand face to face.
 This may well happen before the close of this
 19th Century — And by that time if no
 great Social hurricane arrests our progress*
 The Stuart principle of a Democratic
 Republic will have rooted itself most probably
 in the islands of the central Pacific Ocean

All deep thinking hopeful men believe civil-
 ized man is everywhere passing through a
Transition State — to Religious, Political,
 and Social Regeneration — from the dead
 bones of dilapidated and decaying systems
 the wreck and debris of feudal ages and a
 gloomy past — Christianity itself, awaits
 this better future to clear away the rubbish and
 fungus of Medieval growth — to be presented
 to man in the simple, sublime, virgin purity of
 its original grandeur, stripped of the dry rot
 and fungi of medieval origin, such are the
 Impressions of Isaac Beecher today

* When I wrote this, I had in view that black stormy thunder-
 1862 Cloud of Slavery, looming on the horizon of our future,
 and suspected that it might rise and burst over us

Read the "Sycamores" by John G. Whittier,
I like the metre, and attempt an imitation.

But "cove in" — as vide — see

Mid the swell and roar of Ocean
And the howling of the gale,
All hands ahoy! — reef topsails there? —
Drowns the thunder of the Sack.

The topsail yard sinks down the mast,
Its canvass bellowing hoarse,
Like the roar of a hundred bulls,
With a score of giants, force —

Ahem! let me see, says the blind man, where are we now

I intended when I started
To have told a sailor's tale,
Of a midnight storm on Ocean —
Reefing topsails, in a gale —

But thinks I, it is of no use,
To call ^{up} again, All hands! —

Let them sleep, the sleep of "Tadmor"
Mid the desert's shifting sands.

* Many of the shipmates of my early days
were most of them? do indeed sleep the
sleep of Tadmor. — "in Ocean's mighty tomb"
awaiting the call of "All hands" by the Archangel's trumpet

This is a fair imitation of the rythm — which is all I undertook

Those who have heard, and ordered, as I have,
 through so many weary years that startling
 cry, All hands ahoy! — Shouten Sail! — can ^{not} reel
 it without a feeling of disgust, and mortal hatred
 like looking a demon in the face — telling as it
 often does of a scene no sane man would wish
 to duplicate. — no lover of comfort tolerate —

“Awry? — away? — and on we dash,
Torrents less rapid, and less rash —”

MS. A. 9. 2. 1. 1. 1.
 1894. 1. 1. 1.
 1894. 1. 1. 1.
 1894. 1. 1. 1.
 1894. 1. 1. 1.

Review of my own course

To do honestly and conscientiously, what we deem
 our duty, in daily life, is a course we should not regret

I have been the very slave of circumstance
 and impulse, misplaced in life, — I know not
 what I could have been, but know I am not
 what I should be, an untoward destiny threw me
 on the Ocean from which I have in vain attempted
 to escape, — When California opened to me, and
 its toils, privations, miseries, which I bore cheerfully
 in hopes of cheering the latter days of a dear mother
 are now only time wasted, hopes, deferred and
 am thrust again on the Ocean, yet I have
 done all, endured all, for what I thought the best,

The Myth of Hiawatha and other
Oral Legends of the North American
Indians, by Henry R. Schoolcraft L.L.D.
Song of the captive Greek girl - translation

"To sunny vales, to balmy steeps.
My thoughts, a flowery arrow flies
I see the wood, the bank, the glades,
Where first, a wild wood girl I played
I think on scenes and faces dear;
They are not here — They are not here?"

In this cold sky, in this lone isle,
I meet no friends, no mother's smile.
I list the wind, I list the wave;
They seem like requiems round the grave.
And all my heart's young joys are gone
It is alone — it is alone: —

He was confined on an island in
Lake Superior, the captive of a
Northern tribe from the Creek.

Many of these legendary songs are
beautiful, as this —

Home — Home! — sweet Home! —
"Wherever I rove, whatever lands I see
My heart untravell'd, fondly turns to thee!"

MON-DAW-MIN.

Legend —

Legend of the origin of Indian Corn —

Wunzh an Ojibwa youth, while performing his first fast of initiation into the duties, and labours, of manhood, is visited by an angelic youthful form dressed in green and yellow, with a graceful plume of feathers on his head — He engages Wunzh to wrestle with him. And in the end, Wunzh overcomes him and buries his body in the ground — He keeps the ground clear of weeds, and ^{loose and} light, and from the grave arose, graceful plants shooting up tall, with green silken hair, surmounted with nodding plumes, and stately leaves — and soon Golden clusters of nutritious grain mature.

"It is my friend" shouted Wunzh, — "It is the friend of mankind" — It is Mondawmin.*

* The Algie name for corn — the Zea Maize which is indigenous to our native land, and unknown in Europe before 1495 —

98 Read Hufeland. Art of prolonging Life
Excerpts - "Man is, and always remains, a
Middle being, that incessantly fluctuates
between the brute, and Angel, and as much
as he would deviate from his higher destination
did he continue the mere Animal - as much
does he offend against his present destination
when he wishes to be merely Spirit" Chap VII

Longevity of plants. - The vine attains to 60
or even a hundred years and continues fruitful
at the greatest age -

Longevity of men. "Thomas Parr of Shropshire
when about 120 married a widow his second wife
who lived with him 12 years and who asserted
that he never betrayed any signs of infirmity or
age? - he died in London in 1655 aged 156 years
and nine months - Dr Harvey opened his body
and found the internal Organs in the most perfect
State. without the least symptom of decay -
his cartilages were not ossified - nor the smallest
Cause of death was found - he died of plethra
induced by high living in London" -
Beautiful, as was -

Such Stamen Vitae - is transmissible, a great grandson
of Parr died in Cork at the age of 108 " —

well as each
by fixed, as
other one, he
answers
question arises,
he is "Certainly
from our
innipresence,)
more than
I know
have not
~~No~~
as I see —

Hupelandt says
rt (that)
are able
200 years "
from accident
ely transmitted

and of course, that
few bring into the world a vital stock for 100 years

Excerpt - "Man is, and always remains, a
Middle being, that incessantly fluctuates
 between the two extremes."

as he was
 did he
 does he
 when he

Longevity
 or even
 let the

Longevity
 when about
 who lived
 that he
 age? —
 and nine

and found
 State with

his casting
 cause of

induced by high living in London"

I often met with, and ponder on, such opinions
 in the works of Eminent Divines, Philosophers,
 Physiologists, etc. — but cannot reconcile them —

+

If each individual has his term
 of life certainly fixed.

Then I ask how is it possible
 to prolong life by our own efforts?
 How shorten it by any acts? —

so the Rev^d Dean of Westminster
 Richard C. French D.D. tells us
 we cannot by any possibility
 lengthen life a minute beyond
 the date assigned us by our
 Creator primarily. —

I ask then, why talk of rules
 of Hygiene, attention to health, &c
 why employ doctors, — why insist
 on temperance in all things &c

Yet both suppositions are
 rational apparently, yet
 seem antagonisms, to me,
 I cannot adjust them to
 my satisfaction,

can you Sam! —

Dr Johnson, in the "Rambler"
 among others, states the case like
 Hufeland

beautiful, as was

"Such a man's life - is transmissible, a great grandson of Peter died in Cork at the age of 103." —

Hufeland says "Each race of beings, as well as each individual has its term of life as certainly fixed, as it has its defined size &c." — Yet further on, he asks, "Is it possible to prolong life?" — and answers "Undoubtedly it is" — Now the question arises, if at the moment of birth, our term of life is "certainly fixed," — (which is but a rational inference from our Creator's Omnipotence, Omniscience, and Omnipresence,) how then can we prolong it — any more than we can prolong the orbits of the planets. — I know this is an old query that casuists have not resolved — Can they resolve it? — ~~No~~ — Not as I see —

Respecting the possible duration of life Hufeland says "We may with the greatest probability assert that the organization, and vital power of man, are able to support a duration and activity of 200 years." — The mass of mankind die unnatural deaths, i.e., from accident or disease ~~or destruction~~ ^{habits} but disease is so largely transmitted and reproduced with aggravated symptoms, that few bring into the world a vital stock for 100 years

A natural Rhythm connects the physical
And mental organization of man
quick pulse, and rapid thought,
Physical activity, with mental

100

Facts to Remember

Life

Mine pumps from 5000,
to 5,800. per hour

"The heart pumps 4165 strokes per hour. ^{3m} ^{2m}
With a force to drive from 50 to 60 pounds of
Blood in continual flow to the most
distant parts. A labour that would
soon wear out a machine of the hardest steel"

"It is estimated with great probability that
every three months our bodies are no longer the
same. but consist of entirely new particles"

"Experience has taught us that the greatest
loss of blood may be again repaired in fourteen days"

"By a weakly father a robust child can always
be produced provided the mother have a sound and
vigorous body. But the strongest man will
never obtain a truly healthy child from a weak
and sickly mother" — Mark Twain!

from a large survey of modern civilization. it appears
that it is afflicted by a vast mass of involved and
obscure diseases propagated ^{by} infirm. and badly organized
parents, down a long line of descent — Yet the
Mean duration of life remains nearly stationary over

On a broad survey of man through ages, 33 years
is the average of life — a generation. — Minor causes
do not seem to influence the grand result —

101

large areas of Country, — The congregating of
large masses of men in great Cities are hot-beds where
weeds, and fungi flourish, and human life shoots
rapidly through all its phases, of rise, meridian, decline.
And fall — ~~—————~~ Strict cleanliness of stairs,
attention to temperance, in food drink, labour, pleasure, etc
To stock the mind with knowledge, and mature this into wisdom,
this, is ~~the royal road to longevity~~ ^{sample of 13 syllable metre from the}
"Vision of Constantine" —

Listen to the wondrous legend, from the days of Old.
Which the first of Christian princes to Eusebius told.
From his lofty palace turret, o'er Byzantium's pride
Long in silence gazed the monarch, then he spake and sigh'd

To make it an aim by these means to attain the *sana mens*
in *Capere sano*, by thus commencing *ab initio* at the root
and source of things. These are the prime conditions of
healthy organic action. — in the almost utter neglect of these
essential elements of health the mass of involved diseases
originate, and propagate themselves into strange forms —
Another prime source of disease is discontent with our lot in life,
the enormous friction, the troubles that beset most, produce
mentally, and physically, wears rapidly on organization
hastens on incurable disease, and extinguishes life

Lines suggested by a portrait
of Cowper. — my favorite poet

Thou hast reached the lofty summit
Of Parnassus as a chief
And inscribed thy name in sunbeams
On its heights in bold relief, —

As a pure and pious patriot
None have gained a nobler name,
As a spirit-stirring Poet,
Few an equal place can claim.

— Lucretius, the old Roman Poet was familiar with the Magnet. —

"The stone the Greeks call a Magnet, from the region that
produces it, (a region in Lydia) has the power to attract iron" &c —
Walter's translation — Walter says "Gassendi thought that
Lucretius was acquainted with the difference in the two
poles of the Magnet —

I have long thought, and still think, that the Phoenician
Navigators had applied the knowledge of the polarity
of magnetised iron, to the purposes of Navigation, in
some form, else, their fearless plunge into the vast
Atlantic seems incredible. — see Lucretius —

Lines suggested by Comper's translation of
Dr Fortin's "In Brevitatem Vitae" — &c — as an exercise
in imitation. — "Spring returns, but not our bloom

As the shadow of declining day, and ^{26.} —
the pressing storms of life gather around
us, the prospect of the tomb loses much
of its terror, — Indeed may be even wished
for, as a rest from the shafts of misfortune
and a rescue from life's worst ills. —
we ought to be prepared for an event that
sooner, or later, will surely come, and
if we can meet it with resignation, and
a humble hope of the mercy of our Creator,
and a calm trust of a better future beyond
the veil that hides that spirit land,
then, the Mighty Reaper is partly disarmed.
Creative Mind! Father of Life! grant me
that Hope, and trust, when I am called hence, ^{27.}

Suffers but but a transient death
When resigning up his breath. —

The icy winter of the Tomb
Makers in immortal bloom? —
Frees us from our earthly clod,
Waits us to the Throne of God. —
over

Lines suggested by a portrait
of Cooper. — my favorite poet

*

In looking over this fragment long
after it was thrown off, it seemed as if
A first verse would round off the thing
and make it a whole hymn. — and
I struck off one at a heat, yet not to my
fancy in ~~the~~^{But} the best at the moment

Opening verse to the opposite —

Death unwelcome comes to all.
In Cherub's vestments, or a Hall
Roll'd in blood? — in battle's gloom. —
Nature shrinks before the tomb. —

in Lucretius

"The storm
produces

Waller's translation — Waller says Lucretius thought that
Lucretius was acquainted with the difference in the two
poles of the Magnet —

I have long thought, and still think, that the Phoenician
Navigators had applied the knowledge of the polarity
of magnetised iron, to the purposes of Navigation, in
some form, else, their fearless plunge into the vast
Atlantic seems incredible. — See Lucretius —

Lines suggested by Campers translation of
 Dr Fortin's "In Brevitatem Vitae" - &c - as an exercise
 in imitation. — "Spring returns, but not our bloom
 Still 'tis winter in the Tomb." —

*
 Yet it cures the feangs of life,
 Cools its fever, stills its strife. —
 Here the wicked cease their feet,
 Here, "the weary are at rest." —

And the mourner weeps no more
 On this calm unstormy shore,
 Where no bitter tears can roll
 For the iron in our soul. —

Yes, this compound being Man,
 Blooming in his little span
 Suffers but but a transient death
 When resigning up his breath. —

The icy winter of the Tomb
 Makers in immortal bloom? —
 Frees us from our earthly clod,
 Wafts us to the Throne of God. —
 over

Thus we see the poor short lived caterpillar
 worm of today slowly crawling among a
 thousand dangers, which if it escape, it
 soon falls into its deathlike chrysalis sleep -
 Soon to burst its bonds as spring returns,
 and soar into the atmosphere on its brilliant
 wings of purple and gold, a new, and
 more perfect being? - - Thus
 "Spring returns," and richer bloom
 cloath's our rising from the Tomb,-
 ~~~~~

The phases of grubs and worms from their  
 first repulsive life, onward through their  
 Chrysalis sleep, to the beautiful winged  
 wonders of their second stage of active life,  
 has attracted the notice of thinking men  
 in every age as representing in some  
 measure our own hoped for revival  
 in a higher and better state of being -  
 But ~~to~~ a writer of Revolutionary renown  
 of our own country has given the idea  
 its fullest developement, of any writer  
 I remember ~~~~~



Thoughts called up by an examination of a  
 new and powerful locomotive engine in Salem. —  
 Of the power of these splendid machines, a Journal  
 before me says: — "The largest train of cars that  
 ever passed over the Lehigh valley road, came  
 down yesterday. — The train, drawn by one  
 locomotive, consisted of 150 cars carrying in the  
 aggregate 750 tons of Coal" — This with the  
 cars, being more than a thousand tons! —

O'er the graves of vanished races  
 See the Locomotive roll:  
 Shooting like a meteor onward  
 To its distant western goal. —

O'er the Narraganset warrior,  
 O'er the Pequod's bloody bed,  
 O'er the fierce Mohegan chieftain,  
 Thunders this new horse's tread. —

Snorting with his soul of vapour,  
 Food of fire, and iron frame,  
 See the mighty steed in labours  
 — Hercules's famed "labours": shame,  
 over

Onward! rolls he. like our Empire.

Westward, to the setting sun,  
 Bearing Time's last, noblest offspring\*  
 & With whose Empire Time is done?—  
 ~~~~~

* See the last verse of Bishop Berkeley's
 Vision of Empire in our western world in
 written at Newport R.I. ¹⁷³⁰ a prophetic verse
 "Westward the course of Empire takes its way,

+ { The first four acts already past;
 A fifth shall close the Drama with the day
 Time's noblest offspring is the last. "

In pages 138, 39, 40 and 41 the scraps around, are
 Embodied in a sketch, I sent anonymously to the Salem Observer
 which they printed,

In D 1708 the Indians made a furious invad
on Massachusetts. - Burned the town of Haverhill,
Murdered and scalped above a hundred of its
inhabitants, and carried off a large number
of women and children prisoners! - -

Where are they now! - those savage bands,
Whose track was marked by flame and blood:
Gone! - like their victims from the scene?
Sweep off like chaff before a flood? -

"Mene! Mene! Tekel! Peres!" -

And now. "their place no more shall know them"
Nought but their name alone remain,
And o'er their graves the Locomotives
Snort, and race, across the Plain. -

Those blaring words that met Belshazzar
In his Palace-hall of old -

Repeat their doom on all those races,
Lo! - their knell of power has toll'd? -

Lull me with the sound of music, Amen!
 Feast my eyes with beauty's smile, ^{? aye, a primal feast}
 Let the Sansa Mens, attend me, ^{amen, again}
 Peace, and Health, preside the while, — the Chief Good

Crown me with the rose, and myrtle,
 I, the Sever do not crave —
 This should grace the highest genius —
 Flourish o'er the Patriot's grave. —

Tenez! Chassé! — Balancé! — and come down again

Encore — Place my seat in my Library — translated
 Rich with gems of classic lore —
 Sparkling also with the brilliant
 Of our mother-tongue's, rich store. Φ

Who can estimate these Blessings
 Better than a Sailor can? —
 After weary years of facing
 Storms, and dangers, like a man.

None! — I tell you! Mr Halcyon
 This I'm sure is gospel truth? —
 If you don't believe it, try it? —
 If you've strength, and health, and youth. —

for though I have traversed beyond the last Peaks, the
 Alps, Pyrenees, &c. &c. of the element of Illness, yet I am
 like Napoleon in Russia, stopping the Elemental?
 for new strength, among the roots of the elemental mud —
 because I was in without a pill — my means were
 something more to take one, — yet I have a delicious view of the
 Alps — you know?

Here, we hold like her of Endor,
 In our hands the magic wand
 That can call up at our pleasure
 Shadows, from the worlds beyond. — fact?

All the glorious ancient worthies
 At our bidding burst their shrouds
 Rise? — and answer all our questions
 And depart, like summer clouds —
 Or the departing song of the Solian Harp, as Zephyr lulls

History, Poetry, and Fables,
 Shed their rich perfume around? —
 All of Earth's embalmed knowledge,
 gems
 Wisdom, beauty, — here ^{are} found. — true

Here, we reign like Robin Crusoe
 Monarch sole, of all ^{we see} around,
 and
 For within our narrow Empire
 No divided rule is found. * except
 For the hour, are strong and free. —

* { Perhaps, some "female-woman" coming,
 Armed with a broom, while we're away,
 usurps awhile, our peaceful sceptre
 Sweeping — in sweeping, — things astray —

Salem) — the third Ειρηνεπολις

Bagdad of the Caliphs was the second Salem. That of Melchizedec being the first (perhaps Jerusalem) and this founded by our Patriarch sires the third. — Last, but by no means the least. — For it has been the home of a goodly portion of those "Men of Iron," who on ~~the~~^{our} soil broke through all the precedents of time and boldly initiated a new order of things. — Colossal political and social theories before unknown to civilized man they reduced to Practice, and ~~they~~^{which} are destined eventually to regenerate the human race. —

Gibbon remarks Chap 62. "Decline and Fall" That ~~the~~ Bagdad so familiar to our childhood. As the Capital of our Hero of the Arabian Tales, the Caliph Haroun, surnamed Al Raschid, or the Just, was founded by Caliph Al Mansor A 762 and was called by the Arabs Medinet Al Salem, and Dar Al Salem, meaning the City of Peace, Urbs Pacis. The Byzantine writers neatly

neatly wrote it Eireneopolis."

from Eirηe, peace and polis, a City — City of Peace.

When Al Mansur founded Bagdad

As his royal seat of power

Then he nam'd it "Dar Al Salem."

Home of Peace, — rich Commerce's dowers.

Hence it grew and flourished proudly,

Arts, and Science, gave it fame

Spreading far in Haroun's era.

Call'd "Al Raschid", storied name.

He — the gem of Arab princes

Looms to childhood's mental gaze

In rich Oriental story

Like the sun's meridian blaze

We admire his wisdom, — Justice, —

Regal state, — wide-spreading powers.

All the mellow Orient glories

That around his manhood showers

over, turn over

Arabian tales embalm his memory
 Waft his name to distant times
 Throw around his rule a halo
 Seen in other lands and climes.

History tells us of the presents
 He to Charlemagne sent
 A water-clock, and other wonders
 Arab art did first invent.

But the old "Nights Entertainments"—
 Give his name a dreamy haze
 Like a summer-sunset beauty
 Mellow with departing rays.

And his old Historic City
 Dar Al Salem, — home of rest,
 Has its Occidental namesake
 In our root of Empire. West.

Ours more glorious, for its founders
 Of Time's last great Empire? — best. —
 Native home of human Freedom,
 Liberty's strong place of Nest. —

Certainly the founders of our Salem were
 men equal to any known to History, for
 the intensity of the virtues, as well as the
 errors of their energetic, and most
 masculine race? — No milk-and-water
 men these? — Providence had selected,
 and commissioned them to lay the strong
 foundations of a last great Empire,
 "Time's noblest offspring" — as foreshadowed to
 the prophetic mind of Berkeley, — over
 which shone the blazing "Hand-writing," the
 tremendous "Mene! Mene!" — telling a tale
 as fatal to the aboriginal Savage, as to
 the Chaldean Monarch of old. —

And well these iron men performed their
 destined mission? — carrying on their
 giant, untiring labours, while galled to the quick
 on the one side by a civilized, on the other by a

by a formidable Savage power. Keeping
 both at bay. — Thus our sires stand
 out in bold relief on 'History's glowing page'
 great alike in their virtues, and their errors,* —
 The portrait of their iron chief, the calm
 stern Puritan Endecott, — looks out upon us
 grave and thoughtful, as if peering into the
 distant future, and seeing like Moses on
 Pisgah, the "Promised land." — detecting in the
 far horizon the rising tops of coming events,
 and the Shadows of the giant seed he has
 planted in the wilderness with such burning
 energy, rising like the Prophet's Guard. —
 Not so to perish, let us hope —

"As the sunset of life teaches mystical lore

And coming events cast their shadows before" Campbell

* we get a gauge of our fathers when we see such men as
 John Hampden and Oliver Cromwell about to join
 their ranks! — Ganev the Colossal Dictator
Oliver, working off his giant energies on our
 stubborn soil! —

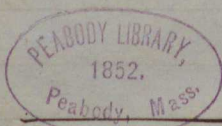
Published anonymously in the Salem "Observer" —
 anonymously

What power of Earth, so much enchants the eye
As early childhood's Beauty: fresh and warm?

So calm, serene, and lovely in its gaze—

And heaven's own image on its stainless brow?—

The sweetest Gift from our Creator's Hand —



an outline sketch of a subject I proposed to fill out, in the blank verse style above. —

But my muse has fled — gone a shopping, perhaps

† Note to line 3^d - page 120 - Then sleep in our physical state -

This is not Orthodox, of course, if we include the whole compound being, Man, — but if we admit the resurrection of the Body, — then we may imagine it as the Human Chrysalis, awaiting the vivifying Spring, of a new

One of Goethe's wisest sayings was,

cc Man is not born to solve the mystery of Existence, but he must nevertheless attempt it, in order that he may learn how to keep within the limits of the Knowable" —

The farther we penetrate into the known, and tangible,
the more we seem prone to attempt to solve to our own
Reason, the giant mysteries of the unknown, and
intangible, — and though these mighty shadows,
still elude our grasp, yet they seem so near us,
that we are constantly tempted to continue the
chase, — through the experience of ages tells us
we are like the primitive inhabitants of Arcadia, when
chasing the setting sun! — Thus the human
mind, though constantly checked by the veil
that hides these mysteries, still returns to
that boundary, which hides the spirit land

Paleque. Uxmal. Copan. Stephens
 Whose strange mysterious ruins impress
 On us the change and mutability of all
 human things. — They teach us that

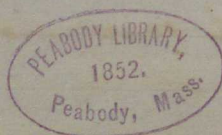
Thus Nations melt away? and races fade
 From power's high pinnacle, when they have felt
 The sunshine for awhile. — Then downward go
 To silence, and oblivion? — leaving tombs
 Alone, to mark their passage o'er the scene! —
 Or strange mysterious structures, like Paleque
 Or Uxmal: — in their ruins shadowing forth
 The splendours of a race swept clean away
 From all tradition? — these their sole remains.
 All that records their passage over Time? —
 Their rise, meridian, decline, and fall,
^{all} Are buried in the oblivious mental night,
 Till the Dark Ages call, — whose mighty wave
 Has left, as it receded, a wild waste,
 On which crop up strange ruins, records dim
 Of powerful empires skill'd in arts, and arms,
 So wholly pass'd away that nought remains
 Of all their pristine power, their name, or race. —

But these gigantic ruins?— on which stand
 Fragments of records. Hieroglyphic scrolls,
 Dead as their authors?— all their meaning lost!—
 Buried like them in that oblivious storm
 In deeper mystery than old Egypt's lore.—

Thus I snatched up any brightest flying thoughts
 And pin them down,— a cord of twisted wire.

To use old Homer's favorite name for such a man Isaac Bullcock.

Mr. Stephens and Catberwood's explorations in
 Yucatan and Central America have exhibited to
 our astonished gaze the ruins of ancient cities
 Overgrown and hidden by the luxuriant foliage
 Of the tropic forest, whose names, uses, and
 History, are wholly lost, even is tradition—
 Temples, Altars, Statues, Hieroglyphic scrolls,
 Attesting a former civilization and advance
 In the arts and elegance of life wholly
 unknown to the present, or any race.
 Who are recognized by any historic, or
 Legendary remains of the ages that have
 Passed away—



ISAAC BULLOCK.

Lola Montez remarks, — "Alas for a woman whose circumstances, or whose natural propensities and powers, push her forwards beyond the line of the ordinary routine of female life, unless she possess a saving amount of the force of resistance, — Many a woman who has strength to get outside that line, has not possessed the strength to stand there; — and the fatal result has been, that she has been swept down into the gulph of irredeemable sin? —

The great misfortune was, that there was too much of her to be held within the prescribed, and safe limits, allotted to woman; but there was not enough to enable her to stand securely, beyond the shelter of conventional rules." —

Autobiography

Samples of my best Prose style, in Essays on various Subjects. Moral, Social, Political, which embody my ideas on the subjects discussed. — No 1

Are the great men we see so suddenly appear on the Arena of time, when giant social convulsions upheave Society to its foundations. Created by these convulsions? — Or are they simply giant germs, lying latent; which only such loosening of the social soil around them, can vivify into a growth, like the Prophet's gourd? —

It has been thought that those great men were created by, and for, the great events they were called to govern, and control. — This, I deem an error. — Believing that the germs of great talent in every pursuit in life, in every age, are originally provided by Nature. — and always exist latent, awaiting the peculiar exciting and vivifying Causes, that are required to make them expand to their full development? — And without the contact of these causes, they remain in germ, and perish unseeded? like wheat in a granary, which must be placed in the vivifying bosom of mother Earth, before it can expand its powers, and rear its head in prolific wealth and beauty. —

Nature has impressed on Mind, as great varieties as on Features?—differing by minute degrees of shade—from a Newton, or a Michael Angelo. down to idiocy.—

Every pursuit, all the necessities of any age, in Religious, Moral, Mechanical, or Economical requirements,—have the latent germ of their wants, lying in this Gomery of Nature, awaiting the hand of Circumstance to plant it in the vivifying soil.—

Doubtless, much of the finest, and heaviest of this Mental wheat;—that which has a capacity of most gigantic productiveness, is lost! to every age, by its own intrinsic weight, sinking it below the surface of the lighter grain, and "Dies, and makes no sign."—

Thus many a Shakespeare, and Newton, digs the Earth, or ploughs the Ocean; unconscious of the Mental wealth, which Circumstance, "that unspiritual God, and misdirector"—has sealed up in the frost of a false social position, eventually to die unseen, unknown,—like mariners in the Arctic ice,—
These thoughts led Gray, in pondering over the graves of the undistinguished dead in the Country Church-Yard, to his reverie, on the once active dust below.

viz

"Perhaps in this neglected spot is laid
Some heart once pregnant with celestial fire—
Hands that the rod of Empire might have sway'd
Or wak'd to extacy the living Lyre—"

"But Knowledge to his eyes her ample page
Rich with the spoils of Time, did ne'er unroll.—
Chill penury repress'd his noble rage
And froze the genial current of his soul—"

"Full many a gem of purest ray serene,
The dark unfathom'd caves of Ocean bear—
Full many a flower is born to blush unseen
And waste its sweetness on the desert air—" Gray

The gigantic heads that always rear themselves
Suddenly above the foam and roar of great revolutions,—
Collosci, never seen, or known before, who seize the helm
by instinct, — pushing aside the puny legitimacies who
are unequal to the great Crisis — And put the ship
of State in a position to weather the storm, — prove this —
They compel the masses to obey them by sheer Mental
Power? — Such giants are always latent in Society,
Tell's, — Hofer's, — Wallace's, — Washington's, — Napoleon's —

Look at this war-pure and the French revolution's
brightest era, Collosci indeed — giants greater than the Greek


Such men are always latent in Society, working
 off their extra energies at the Anvil, the Loom
 the Plough, of earth or Ocean. — to stare off
 death in the stern battle of life, under the Primal Curse:

In a quiet and peaceful age, the "bald first Caesar"
 would have wasted his giant energies warring with
 Poverty, an enemy far mightier than Pompey. —
 Cromwell's vast talents, and iron will, ^{would} have remained
 tame and dormant in his quiet home at Hunting-
 don. — And Napoleon, have died in
 Obscurity, in a petty warfare against petty wants,
 in the Battle of Life: —

Doubtless our own illustrious Washington, would
 in such an age, have cultivated his paternal acres
 in modest obscurity, unknown to Fame, the delight
 of the domestic hearth, — a diamond in the mine —

The Circumstances of their age and Country
 called up these slumbering Giants from their
 Obscurity, and developed powers of which they
 were before unconscious — — Amen —

here ends this lesson



Thoughts on the "Know-Nothing:" movement that has appeared so suddenly on the Political Arena like Hercules with his Club. Apart from its local, and party, objects, this movement is entitled to the notice of the philosopher, the Statesman, and the student of History, from its demonstration on a great scale, of the power, and importance of the modern idea of Association. — Concentrating the mass of opinion on a given point, and directing it with the force of an explosion, for producing a given effect. — — —

Despotism in Church, and State, has been maintained in former ages, by being directed upon a mass of isolated individuals, unconnected, and singly powerless. — from having no means to combine for the purpose of concentrating their energies — becoming familiar with each other's ideas — And thus presenting an unbroken front to the opposing force. —

The great originating, and propelling power of association is the Press: — A gigantic engine for initiating, and directing this great modern army of Opinion, in its Crusade Against old despotic abuses, — grey-headed errors, and the "monstrous creed of many made for one" —

This modern Prometheus, unknown to the ancient

To the Ancient world, is essentially Democratic? —
 It is the Club of Hercules, in the hands of the Goddess of
 Liberty — and is a fruitful source of progress in human
 Rights, if kept within proper bounds, and regulated
 like steam for a useful purpose by patriotic, skillful,
 And honest "engineers" — But having also, like all human
 things a large capacity for abuse, and frightful powers
 for evil, as well as good, — if perverted, or misdirected,
 by those who direct and control its gigantic power. —

This great modern "Lever of Archimides" — requires that
 the entire masses who are to work its formidable machinery
 should be educated primarily to the work. —

No foreign "mercenaries" — ignorant of its mechanism, and
 hoping to warp its action, from its legitimate results
 should be permitted to enrol themselves among our Workers
 until they have been drilled to the work by a severe probation. —
 The safety of the machine itself? — And the character of all
 its results, depend upon, and sternly demand, this
 important, this vital preparation, for every Candidate
 for admission to the full freedom of the United States! —

Look at the oscillating and demoralizing course
 of the so called Republics of Central, and South America!

Now floundering in the Chaos of anarchy, — now wading
 in the blood, and flame, of Civil War, — again, crushed
 by the moloch car of military despotism? — because their
 ignorant, debased populations have no one requisite of
 education, or apprenticeship, to enable them to work
 understandingly the complicated machine of a Federal
 Republic — based on the rock of municipal freedom —
 "wheels, within wheels." — ~ ~ ~ ~ ~

Look at enlightened France, after all her fearful
 struggles and trials: — She has at length found out
 that she possesses no sufficiently large element of
 intelligent workers, educated to the machinery of
 Municipal freedom. — A class who alone are
 competent to keep the machine on the "track." —
 Her State engine has "bolted" — and destroyed the
engineers and all around, — Hence, becoming
 hopeless of maintaining any control over such complicated
 machinery, and fearing utter national prostration
 in another crash, like the 'Reign of Terror' she has again,
 as a last resort, concentrated her power in a single
 Arm: — ~ ~ ~ ~ ~ Amen: — and here
 endeth the second lesson ~ ~ ~ ~ ~

Remarks on a lecture at the "Peabody Institute". Danvers
Jan^y 9th 1858 E.P.W. Boston. — Jotted down after my
return home, on reviewing the ideas presented —

The lecturer well posted up on literature, a pleasing
Orator, with a flow of graceful, terse, pure Mother tongue.
Commenced by satirizing the follies, foibles and peculiarities
of the day very happily — but gradually merged
into a caustic censure of such men as Hume, Gibbon,
Lord Byron. — The Colossi of our father-land, that
reminds me of the "odium Theologicum" — the bitter spirit
of Sectarian hatred, in which the "holy!" Roman Church
Anathematized Galileo, for asserting the antipodes, — charging
him with attempting to overturn and destroy Religion
and the authority of Holy writ — In asserting the "damnable
Heresy", that the Earth revolved round the Sun! —

So modern Orthodoxy often steps aside from its course
to kick the dead lion, whose roar has frightened it from its
propriety — In this spirit the lecturer came down on
the "mighty dead", as men whose deliberate aim, and object
was to unsettle and corrupt the minds of men on all
Religious belief! — And whose writings are to be

Shunned as a fatal contagion to the mind? —

Surely the lecturer must hold that freedom of thought, of investigation, and expression of opinion on each and all questions is the right of all Americans at least. And no sincere enquirer after truth, ought, or can be expected, to assent to assumed postulates that run counter to his own reason, on a deliberate survey, from the best lights within his reach. —

Of course he was entitled to the same right but, ^{can see the heart} God alone, On these themes we should act like free men on a trial. Hear both sides, ere we form our opinion. — Then we may make up our minds from the evidence before us. — I do not admire that majestic Dictation that assumes the infallibility of insensible decaying Rome, and challenges our assent per force. — Yet different minds will take different views —

Reason, is given us by our Creator as a test, and measure of truth. — "He who will not reason, is a ~~fool~~ ^{fool}, Bigot, — He who cannot, is a fool. — And he who dares not, is a slave?" — The poetry of Lord Byron was denounced as the "Satanic School." — The old slang phrase of Robert Southey &c. — which

Which I had supposed obsolete now — But the great minds stigmatized, are the most gifted of our Fatherland — those that have the least mixture of our native Clay, in modern times. — — —

Lord Byron, like Solomon, of old, had exhausted all the pleasures Earth can give, in search of that Ideal Beauty, which the mind can grasp. But which is no inhabitant of Earth, — If Solomon with all his wisdom, sought it in female charms, in vast variety, through a long life, and to his death, at four score years, as Josephus relates, we may readily imagine that those on whom the "to Kalon," throws its intensest rays, will still gravitate towards this most perfect earthly incarnation of an Ideal, whose source is in the infinite. — —

The nearest approach to the primal Archetype of the beautiful. — But all the searchers after this "to Kalon" who have given us the results of their search exclaim with Solomon "All is vanity and vexation of Spirit," — because all physical pleasure when pursued to satiety produces disgust, — and when Fortune has favoured us with all that Earth can give, Fortune, that sustains the wretched, has fled, — and Ennui with her baleful wand poisons the fountain of life — —

* I say apparent evil, because as I believe
 in God, as the Creator of all that exists,
 I cannot imagine him the source of evil, hence
 it from his own stand-point—

By the will of our Creator, we are only allowed
 glimpses of these glorious beatitudes — these lightnings
 of the mind, that give us a momentary glance of
 a brighter state in "that undiscovered Country, from
 whose bourne no traveller returns."

In this state of probation, and trial, in which the
 God, is so largely mixed up with apparent* evil, —
 where man is a compound being, — now soaring to
 the throne of the Deity — now sinking deep in the
 dirt and mire of his native clay, we catch only
 occasional glimpses of the τοκιδον in the rents of
 the clouds, — in the pauses of the storm —
 Our ^{attention} must mainly centre around the great struggle,
 the engrossing Battle, and March, across manhood's
 arid and burning path — the Battle of Life! —

But the occasional snatches of brighter scenes we catch
 in our weary march, cheer us with Hope of a more glorious
Future, when we shall be purified from the stains of Time,
 and redeemed from the dishonour of the Grave. —

at least I encourage that hope in the mercy of our Creator, ^{that I am} ~~simmer~~
 But to return to those large far-seeing minds whose

On these themes it is as well to ponder boldly
to have opinions of our own, from a sincere
desire of attaining truth, and avoiding error.

Whose presumed aberrations so annoy these bridled,
and drilled, routine-men. — we see that they have
a constant tendency to bolt from the ruts of old
time-honoured creeds, most of which, indeed, are dead.
as "Ezekiel's Bones?" — They are too broad to go
easily on the beaten track, that steeps the unreflecting
million, — or the interested few, on the Iron rail, of
the Orthodoxy of their days, that so easily, without
thought, or effort, of their own, steeps the Masses on the
prescribed track. — — —

Many wise and thoughtful men, the leaders
in the van of progress, are fearful of these erratic
Blazing Stars. — Especially in England, which
is reposing on a Volcano! — Their fears are mostly
political, indeed. — They know as a demonstration
of all history, that any rapid and gigantic Reform,
of old grey-headed abuses, in Religion, or in Political
and Social institutions, is accompanied almost as
a necessity, by a furious uprooting of the whole Social
field? — And thus the wheat, is often torn up along
with the giant weeds. —

Thus the Reformation by Luther, stirred to its foundation

The whole Christian world?— And the French Revolution in destroying the old festering corruptions of France, deluged the broad surface of Europe in a sea of human blood!— But like storms, and Hurricanes, in the natural world, these social cyclones have been in the end benificent. — although they performed their mission with vast disturbance, overwhelming the evil, and these ^{good} Gods, in their passing fury — but dispelling atmospheric antagonisms, and pestilential miasmas, giving new life to those who survive the storm —

Men like Hume, Gibbon, Rousseau, Byron, etc — appear to men of narrow views. — or the partisans of narrow Breeds, like the portentous Corn of the Sibyl, to the Ancients. — Threatening to destroy ~~the existing~~ the existing order of things. — To the routine men who having no mental Algebra, or Calculus, by which to calculate the orbits of meteoric minds, which shoot into such tremendous depths of mental space. and their two foot rule being useless, they, in their ignorance of the real track, and important Mission of these Giants, condemn them, as a safe mode of escape from the horns of a dilemma — Amen

such are the views of I Bullock

I have occasionally sent scraps of rhythmic fancies
To the Salem "Observer" newspaper, anonymously. —
as these below, which were published Satr Nov 6^m 1858
tom brown's sketches in Charcoal, with the burnt end of a broom-handle. —

Musings, on the rapid destruction of the aborigines of our soil —
Suggested by Mons de Tocqueville on our native races. Demm An
As late as 1708 the Indians penetrated into Mass-
achusetts, burned the town of Haverhill, killed and
scalped about a hundred of its inhabitants
and carried off a large number of prisoners

Where are they now! — these savage bands,

Whose trail was mark'd by flame and blood!

Gone! — like their victims, from the scene. —

Swept off, like chaff before a flood. —

The aborigines have run the fatal circle of nations
and Races — Their orbit of empire, like his of
Babylon is numbered, and finished. —

Their Kingdom given to another, to found
a new Civilization, based on a new idea —

How strangely rapid is the broad sweep
of the Mighty Reaper over this human
harvest-field, ripe for his sickle! —

new world?

Continuation of the song —



Thus thousands perished in the march,
 Of whom, no stone tells where they lie,
 Unless, beneath some monarch pine,
 A mound of earth, shews passers by. —

Or bleaching on the prairie turf,
 Their bones, the mournful story tell,
 Of murder by some savage hand,
 Or vultures feasting, where they fell. —
 Cut down in manhoods early prime,
 By fell disease, which toil has wrought,
 Or hunger, with its deadly gripe,
 Has snatch'd them from the good they sought. —

At last, — the decimated band,
 Who have survived the desert's woes,
 Reach El-dorado's golden land,
 To meet new dangers. — face new foes. —

"Westward, the course of Empire takes its way?—

The first four acts already past —

The fifth, shall close the Drama, with the day?—

Time's noblest offspring is the last." — Horatio

The four universal Empires, or acts of
the great Drama of the past are Assyrian
Persian, Grecian, and Roman. —

In looking back on History's glowing page
Four mighty Empires loom upon our view. —

First the Assyrians, where a despotic sword
Back'd by the Priest, and Soldier, held the rule,

AM 1410

And through long, gloomy ages, trod on man, —

Then, smelt in fire and blood, and disappear'd,

With Sardinapolis, — whom its ruins overwhelm. —

Annals Mundi 1870

In this the Persian rose by Cyrus's arms,

AM 3468

And ould two centuries with iron sway,

When Alexander swept it from the scene,

AM 3470

With his vast armies, drink'd with human bloods —

And built the Grecian, Empire with the spoils? —

He fell in early manhood, King of Earth? —

Reaching for worlds to conquer, and to crush. —

And o'er his grave his Satraps fought like wolves

Around a carcass? — His broad realms to share. —

After long ages of these Satraps rule

The Roman Empire, rose o'er prostrate earth —

An attempt to embody thought in blank verse, ^{Heroic measure}
not very successful - but brief - as a log book 147

Crushing down nations with her giant tread
From the Euphrates, to the British isles.

Her legions wading deep in human gore
Roe ruined Kingdoms, and o'er prostrate Kings,
Shaking God's earth, a butcher's shambles, seem!

Till the great Nemesis avenged mankind
And pushed her, like her victims to the grave -
Over her ruins, the Barbarian rode.

Gothic, and Vandal, cavalry trod down
All her fair realms. - and swept her arts, and arms,
Into the grave, where Greece had gone before -

Here, Nemesis has brought her scales to poise! -

How paid off blood, with blood. - the balance struck,
And marked the limits of the Ancient World.

A thousand years of darkness, and of gloom
Shuts down, and buries Greek, and Roman, lore -

A moral Deluge - a thick night of storms -

We the "Dark Ages" call, where the rich gems
The mighty minds of Greece, and Rome had wrought
Lurk in the oblivious wave, to rise no more! -

A mournful loss of knowledge once attained
Which we, of modern times, and Christian lands,
Feel as the greatest, Vandal hordes destroyed -

The Ideas advanced below, have stormed the Mediaeval Strong holds of Orthodoxy, thought Christendom, and threaten to dismantle the fortresses - and rebuild on modern plans and reforms.

R. W. Emerson's Miscellanies - read

"Our age is retrospective, - it builds the sepulchres of the fathers, - it writes biographies, histories, Criticisms. The foregoing generations beheld God face to face; we through their eyes? - Why should not we also enjoy an original relation to the Universe? Why should not we have a poetry and philosophy of insight - and not of tradition, and a religion by revelation to us, and not a history of theirs? - Embosomed for a season in nature, whose floods of life stream around, and through us, and invite us by the powers they supply, to action proportionate to Nature, Why should we grope among the dry bones of the past - or put the living generation into masquerade, out of its faded wardrobe? - The sun shines today also - There is more wool and flax in the fields, there are new lands, new men, new thoughts, let us demand our own works, and laws and worship" - &c.

- Again "All men in the abstract, are just, and good, what hinders them, in the particular, is the momentary predominance of the finite, and individual, over the general truth" &c. - ~~~~~ ~~~~~

(It has been attempted, (strange to say) to make a joint-stock company of short-sightedness!)

"Greek History is one thing to me, another to you,
since the birth of Niebuhr, and Wolff, Roman, and
Greek History have been written anew - So French
History since Carliste, - we now see, no History we
now have, is safe" ~~~~~

"Napoleon, represented the Workers, the doers, - performance,
in lieu of pretension, - he was no believer in luck, but
in application of means, to ends, - here is his might -

Antagonisms, Social, political, Moral, stimulate thought, teach
us how to think, - a uniformity of opinions, would be a --
Stagnation of thought, hence the wonders worked by Calvinism, &
its great praise is, it stimulated the human mind, - forced it to think -

"Intellectual science has been observed to begin invariably
a doubt of the existence of matter. - Turgot said "He that
has never doubted the existence of matter, has no aptitude
for Metaphysical enquiries" ~~~~~

"The prayers, and even the dogmas, of our church
are like the zodiac of Bederah, or the astronomical
monuments of the Hindoos, wholly insulated from
anything now extant in life, and the business of men,
In like an Ancient Nilometer they only mark the height to
which the waters once rose." ~~~~~

Every great and commanding moment in the march of events, is the triumph of some Enthusiasm. Such was that of the disciples of Christ — Such that of the Arabs around Mahomet. — Such the Pilgrim Fathers on our own shores: — "hosed on an idea" — they rode to conquest, — no great movement that shall leave its mark on the destinies of man, is possible, without enthusiasm, — but this great reformer, and revolutionist, is generally intensely bigoted, and sadly lacking in Charity, for opponents, — its besetting sin —

True Religion, such as Christ illustrated by the Samaritan, is a power spread over every moment of our lives — influencing all our actions, coloring all our thoughts — not a dead formula of Creed, and ceremonial Faith, — not the momentary extacies of "Revival" manufacture, so full of danger, and inevitably followed by a Reaction, as intense, as the original impulse, — a fever, induced by powerful stimuli, on feeble minds, terrified by the fiery scene-painting of the Calvinistic Hell — a delirium tremens of the mind, — from which our Calmer reason revolts, — But a calm reception of that practical Religion of daily life, contained in those Two great commandments, "on which hang all the Law, and the Prophets"

Nature, never sleeps a moment, on an old past
 she constantly renews herself — steadily repairs
 all lesions. — So should we, instead of leaning on
 the traditions of mediæval ages, with their dead bones,
 and Jungus, and believing, Faith, in the infallibility
 of their oracles, ^{and that theirs} is the only true Religion. — We should
 bring them to the bar of our own reason, and Conscience,
 and abide by their decision. — ~~~~~

Faith, in the ordinary sense, is easily simulated, by
 a Pharisaic minuteness of form, Creed, Ceremonial, —
 But Good Works, are not easily mimicked, — The
 mendacious Gallacy, is detected by every sharp observer. —
 And the despicable fraud makes the pretender
 a subject of disgust to honest men — No lie, is
 so hateful as a Religious one. — conscientious
Truth alone, can long receive the respect of men —

~~~~~

The Temperance question, rides the conversation of all circles  
 and yet is tacitly recalled, and ignored at almost every public,  
 and private table? — It overrides our legislation. yet  
 is silently but steadily thrust aside practically, by that  
 Craving for stimuli inherent in man. — Its curious Ethics  
 of the "Pledge" are steadily undermined by the absolving lie  
 of Medicinal requirements, — a sacrifice of Truth to appetite.  
 over

This is proved by the undiminished demand, and consumption of all the surplus wine, and brandy, Europe can spare,— added to all, our own stills produce, and the monstrous adulterations, that the bareness of the markets, of purer articles, enables those manufacturers of Caustic Poisons, to grow rich—

A broad survey of the statistics of demand, and supply, on this head, is a curious subject of study to the reflecting Mind.— It carries<sup>us</sup> back to man in other days, and

under other legislations, Taking Caesar, and Tacitus, for Guides, we see our barbarian Ancestors of the German Forests, as much beyond other races, in their use, and abuse of intoxicating drinks, as in their indomitable courage, energy, love of Liberty, and stern defiance of the Roman power,— Again, look at Mahomet, that fire, and

sternest, of total abstinence reformer?—13 $\frac{1}{2}$  Centuries have elapsed since he commenced his giant mission, and what is the result?— his History tell,—

Been great modern Crusade against Rum, seems not to have diminished the consumption of alcohol,

but to have increased that of Opium!— strange results,—

Instincts, passions, wants, rooted in our human nature, are not easily torn out— No public Opinion, no

Legislation, can baffle or outwit the ingenuity of "Striped Pig"— explorers ——— or those who will have stimuli—

One of the worst forms of excess in stimulating agents, Opium, seems spreading among us as seems generally admitted, — the victims of this alarming habit too, are more largely of the female sex than those of alcohol — the moral degradation even more appalling — this should especially be denounced —



To the student of History, the exciting questions of our day, Intemperance, Anti-Slavery, educational reform, The antagonism of modern Religious advance, and transition; Against the decayed, time worn, Medieval Theology, etc are pregnant with warning, and hope, — they are Shadows from that better future, which is the hope of man. Struggles of Reform, to break the crust of old Conservatism; of aged despotic Abuses, and the frozen Conventionalisms of a decayed Past? — The living soul of man is struggling to emancipate itself from the debris and dead fungus heaped around it, in the midnight of the Dark Ages — and is making giant efforts to step out of that ancient grave, to a purer air, and to refresh itself in the dawn of that better day, it sees advancing on the distant horizon. — The mind of man is always striving after that Ideal good, that vision of the Beautiful, the to-kador of its inspired perception, but which flits so constantly before, and beyond, its grasp, — yet always in sight, — of realizing which, in some coming future, it never despairs, — although the present, cheats us, — Still, we press on — like the primitive inhabitants of Arcadia Chasing the Setting Sun? — But with a far more rational hope of success —

The mysterious fountain of the moral sentiment in man, ever holds the supernatural, the new, the creative, — always tends to soar above the past, the conventional, the stagnant. — Its legend is Progress; — onward, upward, — it has concentrated Energy. Creative power, and constantly strives to attain all, that our Creator permits, on this transient wailing scene. ~~~~~

Charybdis, and Scylla. — On entering the narrow strait of Messina from the North you pass the precipitous rocks of Scylla on the left, — and the whirlpools of Charybdis on the right — here the waters boil and foam, with a loud roar in whirlpools caused by conflicting currents meeting, from north, and south, and are dangerous in bad weather — Here the Ancient City of Messina opens on us in picturesque beauty, its harbour, quays magnificent Palaces, and the beautiful and varied scenery. It grows of Olives, Oranges, lemons, its Vineyards, and gorgeous foliage, over which Etna rears her head in giant majesty covered with its white turban of eternal snows, through rises its tall column of Black smoke, spreading at the top like some Mighty tree. — — I can never forget those scenes



Comment. - Most literary men are afflicted with the great Proteus, Dyspepsia, they overdraw, on Nature, and are only awakened to the fact, when she refuses longer Credit, and looking up her account Current, presents the frightful debit with a stern demand for instant payment. - If that is not forthcoming, the insolvent has no retreat but the Grave; - the only hiding place for the delinquent. - nothing else can wipe out the long arrear. - Nature permits us to draw upon her, in youth, and early manhood, at long sight; - yet she sternly exacts the payment of these debts, sooner, or later. - She permits no Repudiation, no buckling out, from the precise Record, of her demand. - To go into bankruptcy with her, is Death? - The debts, small, or large, she credits to us, is on the condition of prompt payment on demand? - And if we run up the score beyond our ability to pay, she takes the body? - Yet she is a benificent and liberal Parent, <sup>to</sup> those who respect her counsels, and wisely obey her commands, especially those who have the wisdom to contract no debts to her. - or, at short sight, and prompt payment. - Her aim, and object, when rightly conciliated



Is to give us the longest lease of life permitted,  
 so that she can mature all her plans, and fully  
 carry out all her designs, — and she only requires  
 of us that we do not impede her work by exposing  
 her to <sup>excessive labour or</sup> knock-down blows. — We may second her  
 efforts by well chosen cooperation, and then she  
 has the Will, and the power, to carry us on, without  
 any great strain or effort beyond a <sup>accidently apart</sup> Century? —  
 The Celebrated Hufeland said he could see nothing  
 in a well organized, and originally sound, con-  
 stitution, to prevent it lasting two hundred years!  
 premising a competent knowledge of Hygiene, and  
 systematic temperance in the use of natural bounties —  
 Keeping the mind in the pleasing pursuit of knowledge  
 and maturing our acquisitions into practical  
Wisdom, for the benefit of ourselves, and our fellow  
 men, in thankfulness to our Creator. — —

The love of literature, and science, of intellectual  
 pleasures, is a grand acquirement, for all men,  
 These pursuits ignore age, they never grow grey? —  
 They are the most complete smoothers of the path  
 of life — the greatest comforters under its trials,  
 and troubles? — And finally, they conduce



most patiently to a hopeful resignation,  
and a cheerful trust, in the mercy of a  
Benificent Creator, in the hour of death? —

→ he who has not lived up

The great outlines of Physiology, ought to be  
taught in early life, — the ancient golden  
Precept "Know Thyself" — *cato descendit*  
"Γνωθι σεαυτον" — is a condensed library —

Such is the conclusion, from long observation,  
and patient thought, of Isaac Bullock

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" The human mind seems constantly propelled onward in search  
of the essentially beautiful, the abstractly good, and fair. —  
hence the love of the sexes is initial; symbolizing from afar  
the passion of the soul for the Eternal ocean of beauty  
it exists to seek — " Emerson

Musings on Napoleon's Career, — His blazing flight,  
his mournful fall? — He rose like a Meteor,  
blazed for a few years over a terrified world as  
Bonaparte, and Napoleon, Emperor, — Then descending  
with the same fearful rapidity, sunk, beneath the  
Horizon of Time, on that solitary rock\* of the Southern  
Ocean, so emblematic of <sup>himself</sup> ~~they~~ man, Alone, towering  
~~and~~ magnificent, — his appropriate Mausoleum\*

Suggested by Bishop Doane's "Timour's Councils"

The mighty Modern led his hosts  
To perish, amid Russian snows. —  
"O'er Moscow's <sup>towers</sup> walls, that glar'd the while,  
His Eagle flag unroll'd, — and froze!"

They perished, those brave sons of France,  
By thousands, in their wild retreat! —  
The Spirit of stern Winter's blast  
Spread o'er their bones, his winding-sheet. —

Thus Sword, and Sceptre, — Throne, and Crown,  
Fell? — as the icy Spirit strode —  
Wrapping his Legions in her snows,  
Like him, who on the "Pale Horse" — rode —

The giant rock of St. Helene is a far more appropriate, and grand Mausoleum,  
for the man, than his present one, under the splendid dome of the Invalides. —  
"Gull's minute dome" —



My object is, to point a moral, not "adorn a tale,"

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He fell, — as Milton's Satan, fell,  
Headlong? — from mightiest of thrones  
Down to perdition! — and his foes  
Rejoiced to hear his dying groans. —

But his great Spirit, still survives  
To teach mankind what Man, can do,  
<sup>the</sup> A lesson, that the human Soul  
Has giant powers? — divined by few. —

<sup>Teaching, that</sup> ~~It teaches~~, — Man, <sup>who</sup> ~~that~~ treads on man,  
Will soon, or late, the Avenger meet?  
This mighty Nemesis, is sure  
To track his steps — trip up his feet. —

Man? — do no wrong? — let not the tears  
Of widows, — and the Orphan's moan,  
Cry to God's Throne? — to call a curse  
On thee, and thine, for evil done? —

February first 1829 sent to the Obispo a Sketch  
of a Temper-hasty in Glass's — to wit a Sketch  
of the ludicrous contrivings of me of the party

\* In 1826, I was at St Helena, in a Salem Ship, returning from India —

(the Catherine,, Samuel Endecott Master) — The Captain brought onboard, a  
slip cut from the Laurel (so I will call it) that spread its foliage over the Hero's  
grave — a large box was made and filled with soil, and the slip planted  
in it — the greatest care was taken to persuade it to spread roots, and  
it promised success — but alas a furious winters gale in the English Channel  
destroyed. Laurel, box, and all, in a mass of ruin,

whenever we ponder, we cannot solve,  
 for these are mysteries yet to be  
 revealed.

Read Mr Jamieson's Common-Place Book -

Extracts from it, comments on some, suggestions from others.

23. Coleridge calls the personal existence of the Evil Principle  
 a mere fiction, or at best an allegory supported by a few  
 popular phrases, and figures of speech, used incidentally  
 or dramatically by the Evangelists - the existence of a  
 personal, intelligent, Evil Being, the antagonist of  
 God, is a direct contradiction to the most direct declar-  
 ations of Holy Writ &c" — Here let us ponder  
 boldly; 'tis a base abandonment of reason, to resign our  
 right of thought, said Lord Byron, and I say, Amen -

"D. Baillie thought, from long observation, that we go out  
 of the world as unconsciously, as we enter it - or as we  
 fall asleep, of which moment, we are never conscious -"

Goethe's "Werther", and "Childe Harold", will never perish,  
 while individual minds, and hearts respond, to individuality.  
 Childe Harold has genius even Homer has not surpassed

Coleridge saith - "In politics, what begins in fear, usually  
 ends in folly - he might have added, in Religion, what  
 begins in fear, usually ends in Fanaticism: —

I think this, sound doctrine -



Mrs Jameson. — a sound intellect

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Coleridge said "Talent, lying in the understanding, is often inherited. — Genius, being the action of Reason, and imagination, rarely, or never."

"Sydney Smith said "I observe that generally, about the age of forty, women, get tired of being virtuous, Men, of being honest" — Mrs J. remarks "How dreadfully True!" — adding, — because generally, education has made the virtue of the woman, and the honesty, of the man, a matter of external opinion — not a law, of the <sup>life</sup> inward. This seems a strange Idea, to me. — I do not understand it."

"Inveterate sensuality, which brutifies low minds, in powerful ones, gives a horrible dash of ferocity. — for there is an awful relation between them" —

I have long remarked this, but never saw it clearly stated before. The Police of great Cities, know this well, and trace Ruffians, in Brothels, — or through their frail unfortunates —

This is an acute and true statement. — I can understand the Sir J MacRintosh said "Letters, must not be on a Subject, no discussion of questions of Science, etc, but little conversation, free discursive, lively, easy. — relaxation, not business" —

did the Reverend Reviewer,  
And Mr Jameson speak from  
their own feelings! — I hope not —

"Blanco White said 'I am averse to too much activity of the imagination on a future life. — I hope to die full of confidence that no evil awaits me, but any picture of a future life distresses me' —"   
sound doctrine to me — because all such pictures are felt to be fancies of poor humanity, without any basis of knowledge, and because the gloomy shadows of the old Midwinter night, loom over them, in smoky gloom

"Of all the wrongs, and anomalies that afflict our earth a sinful childhood, a naked, suffering, hungry, childhood, is among the worst," — Amen say I, — can we wonder, when we look, as philanthropists, on these children of poverty and crime, who receive their education in the public streets of great Capitals, that, the human bud is here demoralized! — Few things have cut so deep into my heart, so lacerated my feelings, as my musings on these orphans of society. — In view of their terrible sufferings, and wrongs, I have, <sup>from</sup> in despondancy asked myself — has the Great Father of Life created these Children of misery, in mercy, or in Wrath! — — But no? — my soul answers, — God is just — and a happier Future, is a necessity, to balance, this present torture of these human buds, forced, by a false social position into the horrible gulphs of suffering and perdition, that crowd into childhoods few years, the agonies of a thousand deaths! — how harrowing to the soul, such sights? — — Isaac Bullock

My own sad reflections, in wandering over great Cities, European, and American, — all nearly alike.



Nietzsche said " Do not read the ancient authors ~~in order~~  
in order to make aesthetic reflections on them, but to drink  
In their Spirit, to fill your soul with their wisest thoughts."  
Not like a pedant, to bury yourself in their sepulchral dust. —

"It seems that the universal law of God's moral truths  
always written on the human heart originally —  
however obscured in life, was recorded in the Jewish  
Code of Law in Christ's time — for in Luke X. 25, 30  
The "Lawyer" quotes it to Christ, who endorses it —

"Theology as an Art — Divinity as a Science  
founded and built up by the Medieval  
Schoolmen — have defied progress —  
They were useful in their day — but in  
ours are mainly behind the age — They stand  
like the ruins of Egyptian Thebes, or the  
lonely Tadmor, in a solitude of their own,  
which man has passed by, onward,  
and upward, to higher views — and  
purer Theologies". — This is fast being understood and <sup>appreciated</sup>

"The attainments of one man in virtue,  
Talent, worth, shew as the possible of all."

5<sup>th</sup> Lecture Thursday evening Decr 2<sup>d</sup> 1858 —

The theory was, that the earth has been in ages past, embracing perhaps millions of years, in a gradual alternation of rise, and fall, above, and below, the surface of the ocean, by some great central action beneath its crust. — These series of deluges have left their legend written on the solid rock — in which fossils of oceanic type are found on the highest mountains

Alternations too, of intense heat, with arctic frosts, seem to have passed over our planet. — At the period when the coal measures were formed, the earth must have been high above the Ocean, and tropic heats have fostered into rapid growth and decay a vast vegetation, in which the gigantic ferns, and canes, and rapidly growing trees, the flora of of an astonishingly prolific era, deposited for long ages the material for Coals. — amid which, an animal Kingdom of equally gigantic mould, titans like the terrific Saurian's, and strange Megatherian monsters wandered, among the warm prolific savannas, preying on all they could seize and master, and among this debris of ages their bones found a secure tomb, on which is written the legend of their powers and habits —



The boulders, that lie loose on the surface of countries differing from the rocks in place, over which they lie, suggest to such minds as Professor Agassiz, and the lecturer, the action of mighty Glaciers, carrying in their mass vast fragments of rocks broken from their original beds and ground by their motion over obstructions, into rounded forms, and deposited often at vast distance from their origin, among strata that has no resemblance to themselves - —

The Ship Rock, belonging to the Salem society of Natural History was instanced as a peculiarly interesting boulder, which the lecturer estimated from measurements taken, to weigh 1500 tons — and the great collection of giant boulders on the south side of the ridge on which it lies, were thought to be worthy of preservation, for the interests of Geologic Science - — And the lecturer thought that he was bound to thank the Historical Society of Salem in the name of Science, for their laudable purchase of the ship Rock, boulder, and considerable land around it, with a view to its preservation and to afford scientific men a curious specimen of this class of rocks, — the tale of whose travel from their original locality to their present resting place would, if known, be replete with interest, and wonder —

Remarks, on a lecture on Geology by Dr. Hitchcock, at the Peabody Institute. South Danvers Tuesday eve Nov 30<sup>th</sup> 1858  
I gather that the primeval races of organic life, each occupies well defined limits, in time, and space, from the lowest strata known, upwards to the present diluvium, — each seeming to be cut off by a sharp line of demarcation from the higher Organisms, of the succeeding strata, as if some sweeping Convulsion had passed over, and destroyed at once, the then existing order of things. On which closed record, is superimposed a new material structure, adapted to a new order of things —

Yet these new organizations retain a family resemblance to the elder forms, but with higher types of being — —  
Five principal Eras are apparent, each with its own organic remains so minutely defined that they never can be mistaken by the experienced explorer, for species of any other Era. — Each of these great epochs must have long ages for its rise, progress, meridian, decline, and fall. — — — — —

Man is only found in the latest period of the present, or diluvium epoch — two cases are mentioned, in which his skeleton has been found imbedded in the solid rock, one in the Island of Gaudaloupe, where a fracture of



Of a rock exposed the petrified skeleton of a human being, entombed within its solid structure, but referable to a coral formation in comparatively modern times — by the deposition of those minute insects, whose united efforts lay the foundations of great islands in tropic oceans burying in their solid structures all that lays in their route, —

The successive Eras have had temperatures peculiar to themselves, decreasing as we advance, upwards. The earlier epochs shewing by their vegetation, such as the rapidly growing ferns, and broad leaved annuals that require great heat to develop, that this was the temperature of the high northern latitudes in those epochs — the gigantic character of these ephemeral growths, as engraved on the coal beds, are as astonishing as its monstrous Amphibies, and its swarming myriads of carnivora.

Our own Era seems slowly passing on to a similar Catastrophe, — from some remarks of the lecturer, I infered that when our own Epoch shall have run the circle of past orbits, and left the sunshine of the present, for the grave of the past, possibly some

Some other era may rise on our ruins, initiating a new and higher order of things a more perfect man, a more grand Natural Kingdom, another advance toward perfection — but such an idea is not easily reconcilable to our ideas of our future, and disturbs our cherished hopes, our strongest preconceptions. — and are at best only flights of fancy —

The Lecturer stated that there are many objectors today, to the doctrine, that the fossil remains that appear as those of extinct races, once alive, and inhabiting our Earth are really such. — These objectors argue that God may have created these skeletons originally from matter in the form we now see them, without having given them life. — \* as well as stones or sand grains —




Well, he may have done so. — And if we believe that he has, there is an end to all argument, for all positive demonstrative proof, either way, is impossible

But Reason, and Common sense, seem to be in favour of the Geologic view, and doubtless the mass of those who examine the case with <sup>the necessary</sup> ~~sufficient~~



Knowledge will find sufficient evidence that these skeletons were once clothed with flesh, and instinct with life — The ablest explorers in these regions of the Antique world, and its primeval races, are fully convinced, doubtless as much so as demonstration could effect, — that these fossil remains were once full of life and vigor — and those titans of an age of monsters, the terrific Saurians, and Colossal Hippopotami whose bones are exhumed from their tombs of ages to enlighten us with a new historic volume written by Nature's own hand on her imperishable tablets, — are as really the remains of once living forms, as those giant bones of extinct races that are now found on the surface of the earth in our western states — and the objection to the ancient fossil relics, will apply to the bones found on the surface any where —

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Dr. Hitchcock stated that the fossil bird tracks are more numerous in Massachusetts, and Connecticut rocks, than in any other known locality in the world, — he showed drawings from slabs of the full size —    these foot prints 15 inches long — and the bird walked at the rate of 8 feet to a stride, — could doubtless run at 12 feet to a step

In these memoranda, and Notes of reading, I commonly add criticism, and Comments of my own. — The ideas of the authors read. I enclose in quotation marks — what is not so marked, are my own Comments, — struck off from the impressions of the moment, in the best language, <sup>in which</sup> I can embody my ideas. — My command of our expressive and powerful Mother Tongue, is meagre and limited, from want of education, and early training to the use of its noble forms of Embalming Thought, — To my mind the most important gain in studying the Classic Tongues, is the greater Facility, and Elegance attained in our own noble language — which T. B. Macaulay justly says. "Is second to that of Ancient Greece, Alone" — — — And even here, Porson, carried his studies so far, that Thomas de Quincey says "he had nearly lost the use of his mother tongue" — He had "grubbed so long, for Greek roots, in Diluvian mud!" — that "His <sup>whole</sup> stock of English, might have been stowed in a nut-shell, — embarked on the water of a Stop-basin! — and insured for three half-pence!" — such is the picture of classic studies, carried to monomania —



Excerpts from T. N. Talfourd's Miscellanies—

"Crime is not the native heritage, but the accident  
of our species"—

a emulating doctrine, and a true one  
our first parents being created  
sinless, says scripture,—

"The strength of Lord Byron is the  fury of disease,  
its grandeur derived from its transitoriness.——

His emotion owes much of its force, from its rebound,  
from the dark rocks, and giant barriers which seem  
to confine its rage within narrow limits.——

Lord Byron strangely blends moral degradation  
with intellectual majesty——"

The learned sergeant, like most of his class could not or would not understand

Lord Byron—who is destined to take rank with Shakespeare and Milton

"The most gifted and energetic characters contract  
stains, amid the pollutions of Time—which we humbly  
believe, Eternity will wash away. Forever?——

For there is something within our minds that makes  
us feel, that our majestic intellect cannot die.

Is too Godlike to perish? "—— sound doctrine M.

"The more deeply man is conversant with the energies  
of his own heart, the more he will seek for opposite  
Qualities in Woman."——

Excerpts from T. N. Talfourd's Miscellanies—

"Shall thus affirmed that there is in the constitution of man's nature, a perpetual barrier to any extensive improvement in his earthly condition. —

But to this idea, that reduces man to an animal governed by blind instinct, we may oppose the fact that there is power, and energy, in man which have never yet been fully brought into action? —

And which were not given him in vain. —  
Which can lead on to results that in coming ages shall bless the world with a more peaceful, and happy state, than any that has yet dawned on our race." — — — — —

On this I remark, — That this seems to me a rational idea, after a broad survey of "History's Flowing Page" — For to my mind our New-England States are nearer a Golden Age, to day than any other History records? — And if

this cheering advance of man, upwards from the bloody plain of the Ancient, and Medieval Ages, shall continue its progressive movements,

Why! may we not reach, at length, that glorious Era when man shall cease to prey on



On his fellow men. and war and bloodshed  
become the exceptions, rather than the Rule  
of his being, as he travels over the arid,  
and burning ledge, of this volcanic Isle  
of Time. — — — — —

There is much that countenances the idea of Matthias, but  
also there is much in favour of Sergeant Talfourd  
Remarks on a passage to Lisbon

T. Noon. Talfourd — Sailors —

"Those who have long been accustomed to the  
Sea seem accommodated to their lot, in feeling,  
and in character, — They snatch a hasty joy  
with eagerness, wherever it can be found.  
Fearless of the future, and borne lightly on  
the wave of life, without forethought, or struggle." —

{ — Pantheism, is a doctrine that teaches that the  
Universe is God. — To my mind this is something  
like taking the Human body, for Man, —  
ignoring the majestic intellect, the great informing  
Soul, within, which is the true Man —

{ Pantheism, appears to me to be the result of the  
weakness of our reason, which cannot grasp the  
mighty idea of Omnipresence. Mind, apart  
from material form. — — — — —

J. L. Stephens' Urethane

While surveying and draughting the ruins  
of Palenque he encamped in the ruins of  
the "palace" so called, and was often in  
straits for such food as the country afforded  
and when they ran short "we compassed  
ourselves with a cigar?" and he invokes  
a blessing on the inventor of smoaking  
In the style Sancho Panza Salazar del  
the man who "first invented Sleep"

VIZ "Blessed be the man who first invented  
Smoking! — the soother, and composer, of  
a troubled spirit, — allayer of angry  
passions, a comfort under the loss of  
breakfast? — and to the wanderer in desolate  
places, the solitary wayfarer through life,  
serving for wife, children, and friends." !!  
Amen say I! From long familiarity with the  
soothing weed, in defiance of King  
James, and all other "Heretics" from  
our comfortable, and comforting, Creed

Lucius Westcott



Miscellanies of James Stephen —

"A topographical catalogue of <sup>the</sup> books which  
a man has collected, and arranged, for his  
own use, and delight, will lay open some  
of the recesses of his bosom, as clearly, as  
ever the character of Courtier or Cavalier was  
sketched by Clarendon." — Fact —

— Yet —

This is only a new version of an old proverb,  
"A man is known by the company he keeps" —

Read Translation of Pindar —

Pindar tells us — "Age's snow,

On Youth's fair front will sometimes grow" —

"But he that does the deeds of manhood's prime  
May without blame, look old before his time." —

Olympian IV Pindar

We may remark with R. W. Emerson, that all  
the appliances that the wealth and knowledge of  
19<sup>th</sup> Century can bring to the work, does not  
enable us to educate greater men than Plutarch's  
heroes, — indeed the great moderns  
are mostly self made men, — those born  
Nobles — Nature's nobility, must rise —

I read John L. Stephens travels in Yucatan  
and Central America to explore the ruins  
of Mamal, Palenque, Copan, etc. —

Respecting Palenque he says — "In the romance  
of the world's history, nothing ever impressed me  
more forcibly than the spectacle of this once great  
and lovely city, now overturned, desolate, and  
lost. — discovered by accident, overgrown by a  
dense forest, its name even, lost." —

"It was a mourning witness to the World's mutations?"

These strange ruins call up a pondering overt  
of my own on the mutability and change of  
all human things, — And my ponderings  
often tend to group themselves in rhythmic order.  
As these thoughts through my mind, I often arrest  
and pin them down, on paper, like the  
insects on a collector's card. — as Thus —

Thus, Nations melt away, and Races fade,  
From "Tower's high pinnacle, when they have felt  
The sunshine for awhile." — "And downward go" —  
To silence and oblivion? — leaving tombs  
Alone, to mark their passage o'er the scene,  
Or strange mysterious structures, like Palenque  
Or Mamal; — in their ruins shadowing forth

Dirge on the Ruins



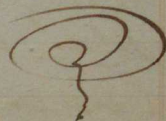
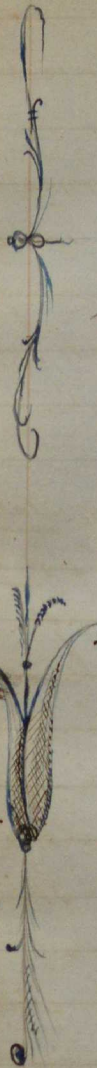
The splendors of a race swept clean away  
From all tradition! — these their sole remains? —  
All that records their passage over Time? —  
Whose rise, meridian, decline, and fall —  
Are buried in the oblivious mental night.  
We the Dark Ages, call, — whose mighty wave  
Has left, as it receded, a wide waste

Through which crop up strange ruins, records dim  
Of powerful Empires skilled in arts, and arms —  
So wholly pass'd away, that nought remains,  
Of all their pristine power, their name, or race!  
But these gigantic ruins: — on which stand  
Fragments of records, hieroglyphic scrolls,  
Dead, as their authors. — all their meaning lost! —  
Buried, like them, in that oblivious storm.  
In deeper mystery, than Old Egypt's lore —

Thus I snatch up my brightest flitting thoughts,  
And pin them down. — a card of "winged words" —  
To use old Homer's, favorite name for such —

Samuel Bullock

The ruins of extinct Empires and races  
in Central America are covered with a more dense  
clover of mystery and oblivion than any other  
remains of man, and his works known to us perhaps



William Ellery Channing) D.D. On Theology—  
 "The chief toil of Theologists for ages has been to rear  
 prison-walls around the human mind"—

One of the most mournful reflections forced upon us by  
 Human history is that religious tyranny has so  
 succeeded in checking and chaining down the  
 mind to the prison cell of the Medieval  
 Theology — paralyzing all its attempts to soar  
 in search of truth —

He remarks — "The vast majority of English  
 readers learn what they know of the progress  
 and fortunes of their religion from Gibbon"—

Well, why not? — I hold that Gibbon has given  
 us in his great work, the best Ecclesiastical  
 History extant, — his accuracy and breadth  
 may compare with Mosheim, — and despite  
 the virulence of Orthodoxy I am convinced  
 that together these great scholars cover  
 the whole ground that the general reader  
 wishes to traverse. LB —

Gibbon saw too far beyond his day, to be tolerated by the Priests  
 and Levites of his day, but can well bide his time —



Theological Literature handled - Channing

"It is too true, and a sad truth, that religious books are preëminently dull? - If we wished to improverish a man's intellect, we could devise few means more effectual than to confine him to what is called a course Theological reading? -"  
 - Sound doctrine? - I subscribe fully to it - &c -

It is to men like Channing we owe the great Moral revolution now in progress among men - the unchaining of Reason, which it brings -

Thomas Campbell. (says a writer in Traveller's Magazine) was born in Glasgow July 27<sup>th</sup> 1777 - the 10<sup>th</sup> and youngest son of his father by a second marriage, who was in his 67<sup>th</sup> year when the poet was born - and lived to the age of 92. -

Notes and Queries. "While Campbell was on a visit at Mint. one night having gone to bed early he fell asleep while thinking of the wizard's warning to the iron Chieftain Lochiel. - he awoke in the night, repeating 'Events to come, cast their shadows before' - he turned out, took pen and paper and wrote down the thought, changing the form into 'Coming events cast their shadows before'. - It was at 2 Am and before going to bed he completed his first

"The Sunset of life teaches mystical line  
 \*The Sunset of life teaches mystical line  
 And evening events cast their shadows before" —

Outline Sketch of "Lockhart's Warning". — The germ  
 of thought embodied in the noted lines\* are seen  
 in other writers. — But a passage in Shelley's  
 Defence of Poetry is quoted thus — "Poets are the  
 Hierophants of an unapprehended inspiration — the  
 Mirrors of the gigantic shadows which futurity  
 casts upon the present" —

To me it seems sufficiently evident that coming events  
 do "cast their shadows before", to many minds, for I  
 have at various periods of my life felt the gloom these  
 shadows cast, before they ~~the~~ events themselves, burst upon  
 me — a depressing feeling of coming trouble no efforts  
 could shake off — far worse to bear than the reality itself —  
 And I believe there exists a Cabalistic lore, that enables  
 the possessor to analyze these shadows, to expound their  
 meaning, — On whose mind they daguerrotypes a picture  
 of their whole form and pressure, as they will expand  
 into action in the future individual life, and that  
 the failures we remark in such Seers as Allie Le Normand  
 Cazotte, etc, are from not being able to grasp all the  
 minute threads that are essential to the correct result? —  
 A source of <sup>error</sup> such as Newton and La Place were subjected to  
 in such calculations as the Orbits of the Comets or —



Notes of miscellaneous reading.. S. T. Coleridge.—

There are many well authenticated cases to prove that the reliques of sensation may exist for an indefinite time in a latent state in the brain in the very same order in which they were originally impressed. — Hence the inference that all thoughts are in themselves imperishable, — and if the intelligent faculty could be rendered more comprehensive and our load of Clay somewhat lifted there would flash up before every human Soul the collective experience of its whole past Existence? — All its actions, all its thoughts! — "Here, on our <sup>own</sup> brain on our own Soul is written all our actions, <sup>all our thoughts!</sup> itself the dread Book of Judgment which we carry before the Tribunal of our Creator. — No single act, no thought, can be loosened or lost from that living chain, no flight, no escape is possible from the Tribunal before which we are thus Our own Accusers. — "All our actions, all our thoughts, are imperishably recorded on the brain; each series overlaying the other like the Annual leaves of Aboriginal Forests; or the On the undissolving snows of Arctic winters —

## Biographia Literaria S.T.C.

Samuel Taylor Coleridge remarks

"The postulate of philosophy, and at the same time the test of philosophic Capacity is no other than the Heaven descended Know Thyself. — The ancient & coelo descendit τῷ θεῷ σεαυτὸν. —"

~~~~~  
He who would surf full of the scholastic logic, the vast telescopic ascents, — and tremendous dings downward, in the wordy ocean of metaphysical subtleties, can be accommodated to his heart's content in the "Biographia Literaria" of S.T.C. —

Thus after all the enquiry in all time, who does, who can, know himself, — a being hedged in by mystery Reason cannot resolve, Revelation does not — but in fact I rest in a cheerful hope and trust that our Creator has so ordered in wisdom, and for the best good — all the present darkness, — to be revealed hereafter, in another and better state of being. — So far as the mind can rest, in uncertainty, — long musing tends to resignation, rather than rest, from enquiry — hence we like to know the opinions of the greatest minds of every age

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The new Slave trade in Chinese

The Slave trade in Chinese, that develops the cupidity of many among us is deplorably - is in many respects the most inhuman, that detestable traffic has ever assumed? — A new source of ~~rights~~ wrongs on humanity, for the mighty Nemesis to scourge? — But we may be assured that gold so obtained, is a Legacy the most fearful, man can leave his heirs? —

and further particulars may be obtained of the
Deer or of the Assignees, B. F. BROOKS, 40 State
Boston, and PETER ANDERSON, Lowell.
property may be examined any day before the sale
in the hours of 2 and 5 P. M. MWF's mh 26

BY GEORGE R. HICHBORN.
No. 1 Scollay's Building, entrance on Tremont row.

SOUTH HINGHAM.
Store, and Stable at Auction, in
South Hingham.

On WEDNESDAY, April 16, at 1½ o'clock,
The valuable estate, owned by James H. Fearing,
consisting of Dwelling House, Store, with Stable sub-
siding for three horses, cellar under all the building
ed and cemented; garden well stocked with fruit trees
and shrubbery, &c.; excellent water at the house and
the grounds. This is a rare opportunity, as it is an ex-
cellent stand for any one with a small capital to enter upon
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estate will be sold to the highest bidder, and on favor-
able terms of payment. For particulars apply to the owner
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At Private Sale.
Pleasant Residences in West Needham.

Two Dwelling Houses, in excellent repair, Stable
with cellar, and other out-buildings; 10 acres of Land
under general cultivation; 125 fruit trees in bearing
one-quarter of a mile from the station at West Need-
ham. This estate occupies a commanding position, ground
naturally arranged, terraced banks, &c. For particulars
apply to the Auctioneer, No. 1 Scollay's Building, entrance
Tremont row. W&Stf ap9

At Private Sale.

"O thou, who never yet of human wrong, left the
Unbalanced scale, great Nemesis!" — Thou art seen
over all History's glowing page, like a blood-hound!
howling close on the heels of those who traffic in
human misery? — Or dabble in human blood! —
ever turn

entailed Curse! — to eat out their
third, and fourth generations" —
the "Commandment" — that declares that
merciful Creator, will punish the innocent
for the sins of the guilty fathers, has always
been to me as a libel on Providence —
light, of cause and effect, the
man, in Communities, or families, seem
— conclusive proof of retributive justice

Biographia Literaria S.T.C.
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"The postulate of philosophy, and at the same time the test of philosophic Capacity is no other than the Heaven descended Know Thyself. — The ancient
 Ἐκ τοῦ οὐρανοῦ ἐκτείνετο τὸ πᾶσι σκαυρόν. —"

He who would surf full
 Logic, the vast telescopic
 Tremendous divings down
 wordy ocean of metaphysics
 Can be accommodated to
 In the "Biographia Lit"

Thus after all the enquiry in which
 who can, know himself, — a being
 Reason cannot resolve, Revealation
 I rest in a cheerful hope and to
 has so ordered in wisdom, and for the best good —
 all the present darkness, — to be revealed hereafter, in
 another and better state of being, — so far as the
 mind can rest, in uncertainty, — long musing
 tends to resignation, rather than rest, from enquiry —
 hence we like to know the opinions of the greatest minds
 of every age

"We have now bent our sails, and expect to sail for Callao in a few days. We have now on board seven hundred Coolies, and expect to take two hundred more. I suppose, if God preserves our lives, we will arrive in about seventy-five days. I will try to explain what our cargo consists of, viz., men; Chinamen of course, who are called Chinamen Coolies. As you have been to Russia, you had a sample; the same as serfs, or as our southern negroes; but, poor things, they are torn from their parents and friends, and sent on board of our ship, and many other ships of our own country, as well as English. They kidnap them and take them to the junk, as we call it, and stay there one or two weeks, till the captain thinks proper to take them on board our ship. They are bought for fifteen and twenty dollars per man, and when the captain is ready to go on board the junk, the mates sing out 'Lay aft here,' calling the boys by name, and they have to keep the boat away from the junk for fear some of the Coolies' friends coming and taking them away.

We have one Cooly who has run away from five different ships. The kidnappers bring out the Coolies the same as at the slave market at Mobile, for inspection. They are then made to go through several exercises, jumping, kicking, &c., and then inspected by the doctor. After this they are given new clothes, and then sent aboard the ship, and we have to keep sentry. We have twenty men armed on sentry, night and day. The Coolies have several times tried to rise; and if it had not been for two or three Coolies who made it known, they would have taken the ship. We have plenty of ammunition on board, and three guns, which are lashed so as to bear on the slaves, if they should rise. A ship took some from here and sold them for 250 dollars each. This ship expects to stay out here about two years."

The new Slave trade in Chinese

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The Slave trade in Chinese, that develops the cupidity of many among us so deplorably - is in many respects the most inhuman, that detestable traffic has ever assumed? — A new source of ~~righteous~~ wrongs on humanity, for the mighty Nemesis to scourge? — But we may be assured that gold so obtained, is a Legacy the most fearful, man can leave his heirs? —

It becomes an entailed Curse! — to eat out their vitals to "the third, and fourth generations" —

The words of the "Commandment" — that declares that a wise and merciful Creator, will punish the innocent Children, for the sins of the guilty fathers, has always before seemed to me as a libel on Providence —

But in this light, of cause and effect, the Annals of man, in Communities, or families, seem to me to show conclusive proof of retributive justice

"O thou, who never yet of human wrong, left the Unbalanced scale, great Nemesis!" — Thou art seen over all History's glowing page, like a Blood-hound! hovering close on the heels of those who traffic in human misery? — Or dabble in human blood! —

over-turn

Thus, — often before the Avenger brings her scales to poise —
 And has wiped away the Widow's tears, — And hushed
 the Orphan's trembling cry, — A third, and a fourth
Generation, has had to contribute to her stern demand,
 for repentance, and reparation for tortured and
 outraged humanity, which this Ancestral gold, the
Price of Blood! has entailed on all who touch it, —

To those who swallow poison, innocent, or guilty, the
 results are the same — So the moral prison of
 this venomous gold, like the fabled Uras of Java
 generates moral disease in those who pass under
 its destructive shadow, — I presume
 If this fatal gold had all passed away, all died
 out, with him ^{that} gathered it, — And left his children
 in poverty, to struggle for themselves, uncontaminated
 by this poisonous price of Blood? — the sins of
 the parent would not, — ought not, to pass beyond
 himself? —

It is his hoarded poison, that, like the robe, and
 Golden Crown, Medea sends Glauce's (in Euripides)
 when once assumed, its burning touch consumes to

Consumes to ashes, in writhing agony the victim it appears
to adorn! — This fatal touch, of the deadly Uras
Consumes, irrespective of age, Condition, or sex: —
Of good, or evil desert, for Fire always Consumes —
Saint, or Sinner, it destroys alike. —

And whoever is covered by this fatal "Shirt of Nessus"
must meet the fate of Hercules? — He whom Dejanire
Wrapt in the venom'd shirt, and set on fire" —

These are the thoughts the Newspaper scraps, at the head
of these remarks, suggest, among other evidences of
this nefarious and demoralizing traffic, carried
On in this day of religious and political enlightenment!

Couper remarked on the atrocious murders perpetrated
by Pizarro and his bloody band on the mild
patriarchal empire of the Incas, in their accused thirst
for gold — warping Christ's godlike doctrines to a cloak
for murder and the foulest crimes,

"Oh, could their ancient Inca's rise again,
How would they take up Israel's taunting strain,
Art thou too fallen Iberia! — do we see

The robber, and the murderer, wear as we? —"

Aps. The Avenger has exacted from Spain a terrific retribution? —
Which has sunk her deep in the quagmire of mouldering decay

Professor Dugald Stewart, on the Philosophy
Of the Active and Moral powers of Man. —
Professor Stewart remarks on the argument for
Necessity — drawn from the Prescience of the Deity —

"This argument is much insisted on, both by Collins;
And Edwards — more especially the latter. — who
after insisting at great length on "God's certain
foreknowledge of the Volition of moral agents"
undertakes to show that "this foreknowledge infers
a Necessity of volition, as much as absolute decree"

Again he says — Mr Belsham, in this, as on
other occasions, rises above his predecessors in the
boldness of his assertions, e.g. — "The principal
argument in favour of moral Necessity, and the
unsurmountable objections against the existence of
Philosophical Liberty, in any degree, or under any
restriction whatever, arises from the Prescience of God. —
Liberty, and Prescience, stand in direct hostility
to each other? — A philosopher must give up
One or the other, to be consistent? —

Upon the whole, the advocates for Philosophical
Liberty are reduced to the dilemma of either
denying the foreknowledge of God, and thus

In connection with Professor Stewart's remarks
See those of Mr Hope, in "Anastasio" p. 78 onwards to 123.

robbing the Deity of one of his most glorious attributes,
Or, of admitting that God is the author of Evil. — in the
same sense, and the same degree in which this doctrine
is charged upon the Necessarians."

See page 82. "Amosacarius"
on this theme

But the Learned Professor, after citing authorities
pro, and con, who have agitated these giant themes,
acknowledges candidly his inability to grasp the
Mysteries — he says — "On this point I must
decline offering any opinions of my own, because
I conceive it as placed far beyond the reach of our
faculties?"

This seems to me to be the true state of the case,
And hence I infer the Necessity of another, and higher state of being
where these mysteries shall be explained, — It —

Certainly human language is as little competent to
hedge in, and define, these subtle mysteries, as Algebra
would be, if applied to calculate Eternity.

But fortunately these flights into intellectual space
have no practical influence on the mass of men.

For on these abstruse and cloudy themes we
reach the boundary of Knowledge, at a single step —
beyond this we see the wisest men who venture on,
floundering about, lost in a cloud of Learned Dust —
fighting Shadows, as insantly, as the Knight of La Mancha

Dugald Stewart

In another place Professor Stewart asks—
 "shall we venture to affirm that it exceeds the
 power of God to permit such a train of contingent
 events to take place, as his own foreknowledge shall
 not extend to?"

I say NO! — after mature deliberation. IB

To those not familiar with the strange vagaries, even
 of gifted minds, such a question must seem to infer
insanity. — I should think the profounder
 a qualified candidate for a strait-jacket — IB
 for I cannot doubt that the Deity is the prime
 source of all that exists, — strictly in the broadest sense —
 Consequently I must believe with Collins, and
 Edwards, that our Creator knows all things,
 sees all things, and as the Central first Cause
 who has set in motion the whole vast train of
Cause and Effect, according to predetermined
Laws! — and for a specific effect, so He
must foresee the total mature result —

James Bullcock

If these admissions make our Creator the origin
 and Cause of Evil, — and man, a blind instrument,
 or Agent, of divine decree. — Well, I for one can rest
 in the cheering belief that the future will clear up

All these mysteries, when we have performed
our probation on this transient wailing scene? —

— Yes I believe with our learned author that

— "The absolute end of man as determined by his
Nature, is never realized in this world?" —

Consequently he is not placed here for the
accomplishment of this end. — which must
be perfected in another state? — Thus

we may confidently affirm this life is not all! —

Another, is peremptorily demanded, to accomplish
our true destiny." —

Is not this sound doctrine!
I say yes — 316

The Fatalism or Destiny — so rigidly held
by Oriental races is embodied in the Arabian
Tale, Professor Stewart quotes from Mr Harris —
Baker which Sale, in his translation of the Koran, gives
us. from the Arabic of Al Beidāwī — — —

Sale's translation of the Arabic tale of Destiny —

"Solomon was walking in his garden with one of his attendants,
when they observed a strange and fearful figure approaching them?
"Solomon!" said the attendant, — "who is that strange mysterious
being! — his appearance fills me with dread! — Send me, I

over — turn

Send me I pray thee to Farthest mountain in India" —
 The King in his quality of Magician, sent him thither —
 The mysterious figure approaching said — "Solomon! How
 came that man here!" — My errand was to sieze him
 on the farthest mountain of India!" — "Angel of Death"
 replied Solomon — "Thou will find him there!" —

This vivid tale, embodies the whole form, and pressures,
 of the Oriental Fatalism. — And its moral is sub-
 stantially admitted to day — for none can hope to elude
 the mighty Reaper — no foot so swift, no cavern so dark,
 as to leave any hope of escape from the dread summons —
 When our Creator commissions Abriel, to cut our thread!

For myself, I rest assured, that an All wise Creator has
 placed me on this stage of being, so full of mystery, for
 purposes, his wisdom does not wholly reveal, — but I
 place a firm and cheerful trust in his goodness and
 Mercy, assured that at his appointed time he will
 call me hence, as I hope to a higher and better
 state of being, — where all shall be cleansed from the
 dishonours, and stains, of Time, — Isaac Butt

Professor Stewart justly remarks — "If the happiness of mankind be the great end, for which they are brought into being, it is presumable that the rules of their conduct are of such a nature as to be obvious to the capacities of all men, of sincere and well disposed minds? —

Accordingly we find — and the fact is in a peculiar degree worthy of attention — that while the theory of Ethics involves some of the most abstruse questions which have ever employed the human mind — Yet, the moral judgments, and moral feelings, of the most distant Ages, and Nations, with respect to all the most essential duties of life are one and the same? —

This I hold to be sound, rational doctrine, — and it is on this universal agreement of all men, in every Age, in their moral judgments, and moral feelings, on great principles, that the proverb — "Vox Populi, Vox Dei" is founded. —

Thus Caligula, Nero, and Domitian, fell into bloody graves in early manhood, amid the rejoicing shouts of liberated Millions from the Euphrates to Britain? —

While the beloved, and venerated names of Titus, Trajan, and the Antonines, are wafted buoyant down the stream of time, among Nature's Nobles — the greatest benefactors of the human race —

W. E. Channing D.D.

"If we trust to the judgment of others on any
themes, especially the highest, so that we cease to
judge for ourselves. the intellect is degraded
into a worthless machine. the dignity of mind
is to be estimated by the energy of its own efforts.
For its own enlargement."

"Few are aware how imperfect are the concep-
tions received from the best instructor. and
how much must be done by our own solitary
thinking, to give them consistency, and vividness."

"It may be doubted whether a fellow creature
can ever ~~impress~~ impart to us apprehensions
of a complex subject, which are altogether just.—
Few words awaken exactly the same thoughts,
in different men* — the views we receive
from the most gifted beings, are at best, but
approximations to truth."

These are maxims to be pondered on,
Sound doctrines, I believe, the result of deep
Mature thought of a wise and learned man
to whose doctrine my own Reason assents.—

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Hence, on the complex and subtle speculations of Ethics and Metaphysics
the language used by writers on these closely-themed subjects, convey the
precise meaning to their readers that they have to themselves, — Hence
also the various readings of Commentators, so subserving to most men
on this theme, read the Ethical Dissertation of Sir James Mackintosh —

Excerpts, from Mons Philarete Chastles —

"For those who have been nurtured in the saloons of wealth, and knowledge. Literature is a play, an ornament. — But for those who have long handled the sword, — stood at the helm, or guided the plough. — Knowledge becomes a passion, a moral force, a beauty. — A divine love. — from these most of Nature's Nobles issue." —

Mons Chastles speaks favourably of the Titans of the bloody Reign of Terror, who visited his father's house — He says "To me, they appeared very good people — I paint them as I saw them. — Youth, sees justice and grants no pardons. — Childhood above all, is severe" — Take the picture of Nadier —

"Nadier was the enigma of a whole age? — the two hundred preceding years, were concentrated in his sarcastic, denying, destructive nature, of a cold inexorable Irony. — Yet he was humane, and charitable, — his deep set eye burned with anger at a tale of oppression, Cruelty, or wrong." —

Nadier was president of the Convention
At the Fall of Robespierre

Lola Montez, autobiography

"Such is the social and moral fabric of the world, that woman must be content with an exceedingly narrow sphere of action, or she must take the worst consequences of daring to be an innovator, and heretic. — She must be either the servant, or the spoiled plaything of man; or she must take the responsibility of making herself a target to be shot at by the most corrupt and cowardly of her own sex, and by the ill natured and depraved of the other."

Female Beauty.

Sixty different young females stood to Canova for the model of his Venus. and from their separate charms he moulded his beautiful ideal of the goddess of Love.

Lola Montez gives a Recipe for a Beauty per se
viz take her head from Greece, her Bust from Austria, her feet from Hindostan, her shoulders from Italy, her hands and complexion from England, her gait from Spain."

Hence, on the complex and subtle speculations of Ethics and Metaphysics the language used by writers on these subjects is very obscure. Hence

Lola Montez gives us her opinion of a few of the most beautiful women of our day, — Lady Blessington, the Dow Mrs Norton, — her sisters, Lady Blackwood, and Lady Seymour, the Empress Eugenia, the Grand Duchess Olga, Countess Guiccioli. &c. — A splendid group of
BEAUTIFUL WOMEN.

LOLA MONTEZ, on ROMANISM.

Had those who came in the Mayflower been Catholics instead of protestants, had they brought with them the spirit of Rome, instead of the Reformation, and their followers to these shores brought the same religion, you would not have been over ten millions of people to this day. — the world would have had neither steam-boats, nor telegraphs, — These things are too fast for Rome, she looks to the past? she stands with her back to the present. — she inhabits the Statu-quo, and hates, and would destroy, if she could, the principle of progress. — that, has given the world the four greatest facts in modern times, Steam-boats, Rail-roads, Telegraphs, and the American Republic. —

"The great man, has the planet for his pedestal.

The small one, nothing broader than his own shoes?" — Emerson

— Fate, Destiny, — The order of Nature, the original determination of a First Cause — the primal decree of our Creator, as the origin of all that exists, — there is no Chance, no Tortuous, in Nature. All effects, must originate in Causes, all causes in that primal First Cause? — links, of an endless chain, of cause and effect — these words are generally used in the indefinite and false sense of an uncaused effect, — because effects, are observed for which the causes are hidden from our view —

We are sometimes startled with the aberrations of Genius, minds as fire with heaven's lightning, *vide* Byron, Shelley, Poe, — these are tinctured with Mania, Eccentricity, that causes them to blaze away in strange meteoric flights, astounding to the balanced, mediocre, mind — These wild blazing flights through moral & ether, frightens these short sighted mortals, who cannot divine the why, and wherefore, of such abnormal flights, because they dive into that dim Spirit-Realm, where these narrow minds cannot follow. — hence the seers, the Prophets, are in their day, often denounced as demoniac natures, and the offensive Odium Theologicum brands them as the offspring of the powers of darkness, and Hell —

Read W. J. Hickie's translation of the "FROGS"
 of ARISTOPHANES —

The invariable song, or croak, of those ancient Greek Frogs
 is "Brekekekex, coax, coax" — which differs from the Keen
 Chaunt of the Frogs of Danvers, — and still farther, from the
 Sonorous, emphatic chorus, of the Frog communities of California —
 When Bacchus had decided to visit Hades, he took
passage in Charon's Ferry-boat as he thought, but was
 better informed when compelled to pull an oar for
 Charon, but the greatest annoyance of all to
 the jovial God, was the infernal croak of Lethe's
Frogs — the ceaseless "Brekekekex, coax, coax," —
Bacchus pulled hard, and complains that his
Fundamental, stern post — had caught the "croaking" Mania? —
 he says "I have Blisters? and my hinder-end has
 been sweating this long while, and then presently
 it will stoop and say "Brekekekex, coax, coax" — &c " —
 perhaps Bacchus mistook a stern wind, for a croak

Charon, who is on the hither shore, waiting for passengers, occasionally
 shouts, "who is bound to the resting-place from Miseries, and troubles? —
 who, to the plain of Lethe, or an ass-shearing &c" — run
 Note, It was usual in ancient Greece, when any one attempted the impossible,
 to say to him ovon keipos, — i.e. "You are Shearing an ass" —
ovon an Ass — and keipos to shear. —

Harmony Grove Cemetery —

The grounds now occupied by the Cemetery were a favorite resort for the playmates of my early youthful days, on lecture afternoons of summer — there we could allways have the companions of birds, squirrels, and butterflies, — of flowers, sunshine and shade. — I can look-back through half a Century of storm, and struggle, over manhood's wild and burning track, to the simple sports of childhood and early youth, among its romantic shades, which to me, have stood the best proper applies to remembered scenery — "Scenes must be beautiful, that daily seen, please daily" — Looking further back, two hundred years, to our dawn of Empire — to the cradle of our young Hercules of Nations — I find it a portion of the broad acres of a Pilgrim ancestor, who stood beside John Endecott when that stern Puritan

Thrust his good sword through Britains waving flag
And cut the "Cross of Antichrist" away —

Its original quiet beauty has deepened to me, by its present appropriation. — Standing on its highest ground I survey scenery that calls up shadows, some comic, but far more ^{tragic} in the departed past? — the Sibyl, Memory extends her wand, and Lo! the Grave quits its grasp on its sheeted dead, and the "loved and lost" rise again before me. "Like Samuels shade, to Saul's monarchic eyes" — JB —

Miscellaneous ——— Scraps of thought caught and pinned down
 It seems that the healthiest mode of sleeping, is to lie in
 the line of the magnetic meridian, heading north. —

Through every human life there runs an equalizing Compensation,
 in the various gradations between poverty, and wealth, —
 Mental, and Physical. — Yet if the mind has not
 early imbibed a thirst for Knowledge, an appreciation of
 the beautiful, an intense love for the just, and good, —
 a hatred, and disgust, for the mean, and false —
 And a persevering endeavour to make these fruit-
 ful principles a standard of conduct, and a rule of
 life, — Fortune, bestows her Favours in vain. —
 In vain, we hope for present happiness, — or any
 lasting remembrance among men. —

I think also, that

He, whose sole aim in life has been to hoard Gold,
 And who, as the snows of age cover his head,
 has at last attained the dignity of a Golden
 Calf. — at the expense of his soul — Is less
 fortunate than him who through poverty and
 privation has gathered a harvest of Wisdom —
 garnered up Knowledge, and matured it by patient
 thoughts into practical pleasure to himself —

Suggested by the youthful looks of an old acquaintance who has
travell'd far into that terra incognita, "a certain age!" —

Say not that Lucy's looks are cheats

To be despised by all she meets

Because a patent wig she wears

And not her own time-blanch'd hairs; —

And if she chose to paint her face

And wear false teeth, it's no disgrace. —

All ladies dread the approach of age,

And strive to hide time's tell-tale page,

By every art that gold can buy,

Cosmetics, padding, and hair-dye,

False teeth, and eyes, cork hips, and wigs —

To make amends for what time prigs

From all the sex, as they grow old. —

They're harmless. — as need not be told. —

And if Miss Lucy still looks young

As all affirm'd by every tongue,

Why all the better: — if her mind

Is rich in knowledge, good, and kind —

To such, age only adds the golden glory that gives such
a charm to the setting sun —

There is a facility in this kind of jingle that
sometimes induces me to rattle off hands, no harm
a lot, such as this, which when I took the
pen I did not dream of carrying further
than four lines, — and I retain it simply
as a vehicle for that kind of humdrum writing here —

Lola Montez died this year 1860—
after life's fitful fever, she sleeps well—
vale—

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Excerpts from the autobiography of
Lola Montez — Countess Danisfeld —

"I was born in the city of Limerick, Ireland
On 1891 in my father's cabin Gilbert of the 44th

Musings on Flaxman's Paris, — Home Edward Gilbert —
Priam's youngest son —

"How are the mighty fallen!" —
"Where Athens, Rome, and Sparta, stood,
There is a mud-dust now" — Shelley —
"Their ancient ruins have crumbled down,
Their ancient mounds, has perished too —
And naught remains of Temples, Janes,
But ruins of a nobler day? —
With ancient Hellas's fading mind,
Her freedom — all, has passed away? —
And Priam's youngest son here stands
As if in musings on her fate. —
Sowing over ruins, to the days
When blooming Helen, was his mate —"

It is said that the ancient Greek
Mind seems returning to Hittite

to an old and gouty, invalid possessing great
wealth — this she prevented by eloping with
a Capt James, and they were married in Ireland &c

Castle Oliver. Her
Spanish noble family
originally of Moorish
Spain in the reign
— so that the fountain
courses in my veins
— Spanish —
riage her father was
then fifteen —
name of Marie
Gilbert, but was always
minative Lola —
parents went with
India where she remained
returning from India
her proposed to marry her

Suggested by the youthful looks of an old acquaintance who has
travell'd far into that terra incognita, "a certain age."—

Say not that Lucy's looks are cheats

To be despised by all she meets

Because a patent wig she wears

And not her own time-blanch'd hair

And if she chose to paint her face

And wear false teeth, it's no disgrace

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Cosmetics, padding, and hair-dye

False teeth, and eyes, cork hips, and

To make amends for what time

From all the sex, as they grow

They're harmless.— as need not

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a lot, such as this, which when I took the
pen I did not dream of carrying further
than four lines, and I retain it simply
as a vehicle for that kind of head writing here—

Excerpts from the autobiography of
 Lola Montez — Countess Danhofelt —

"I was born in the city of Limerick, Ireland
 1824 — my father Capⁿ Gilbert of the 44th
 Regiment was son of Sir Edward Gilbert —
 My mother an Oliver of Castle Oliver — her
 family name was of the Spanish noble family
 of Montalvo — who were originally of Moorish
 blood who came into Spain in the reign
 of Ferdinand and Isabella — so that the fountain
 head of the blood that courses in my veins
 is Irish — and Moorish — Spanish —"
 at the time of their marriage her father was
 about twenty — her mother fifteen —
 She was baptized by the name of Marie
 Dolores Eliza Rosanna Gilbert, but was always
 called Dolores, in its diminutive Lola —
 Soon after her birth her parents went with
 the 44th Regiment to India where she remained
 several years, — On returning from India
 at the age of 14, her mother proposed to marry her
 to an old and gouty, invalid possessing great
 wealth — this she prevented by eloping with
 a Capⁿ James, and they were married in Ireland &c

Baron Wrangell in his exploration of the Siberian Coast of the Polar sea when taking altitudes for longitude and latitude in a temperature of 50° below Zero of Fahrenheit ^{found} that the artificial Horizon was rendered useless by crystals forming in it as it began to freeze — and he was obliged to cover all the parts of the sextants which came in contact with the hand, or eye, with leathers — otherwise the skin instantly froze to the metal — Still by practice they were enabled to use the Sextant at a temperature of 36 degrees below Zero of Fahrenheit — but the Chronometers all stopped from the intense cold congealing the oil of the works — Longitude $167^{\circ} - 48'$ — Latitude $69^{\circ} 50' N$ Variation $11\frac{1}{2}^{\circ}$ East in February

Russian — ДИМИТРИЙ. Demetrie, name of a Russian Officer of the Customs in Cronstadt 1841. He wore the silver Cross of the Polish order of S. Stanislaus —

My own name written in Russian, ^{or as he wrote it} is thus Млаакъ Биллоу — (Dean Bullock)
Capt A Goodhue is written А Гудху —

here Г is the Greek gamma — the γ. the Greek Upsilon —
Гудху —

Wednesday Nov 4th 1857 The Boston Board of Trade met to discuss the financial difficulties of the country and adopted resolutions as per scrap.

CHANGES SHOWS Path-
Railway Guide for November contains changes
of the N. E. Railroads. Published by author-
Association of Railroad Superintendents. Price
31¢ nov 3

BRAMIC VIEW MAP OF INDIA,
table of distances, and each place in its proper
position, showing the leading seats of insur-
sale by C. K. DARLING, Stationer, 15 Ex-
oct 26

PERSON'S BANK NOTE REPO-
r November, just received and for sale by C. K.
Stationer, 15 Exchange street. oct 23

MARKED DOWN. Discoveries
in Central Africa, by Henry Bath, vol 4.
; or How to Live, by J. Baillie. Ivanhoe, by
the Hand Book of Household Science, by Ed-
munds. Beranger: Two Hundred of his Lyrical
ies from Blackwood; Appleton's Railway La-
ys from the London Times. For sale by
& BREWSTER, 47 Washington st. nov 2

BOOK SALE—Now open at 150
Washington street.

man and Lamplighter, selling for only 62½ cts
Bibles and Poets, usually sold for \$1 and \$1½
only.

ent of Bibles in Boston.
New York and Philadelphia money taken at

close out a large Bankrupt Stock at less than
manufacture. ALBERT COLBY & CO.
1m

Insurance Notices.

TON FIRE INSURANCE CO.,
SALEM, MASSACHUSETTS.
CAPITAL
\$300,000.

ny insures against loss by Fire on Buildings,
Machinery, and other Property, generally at
WM. C. PRESCOTT, President.
BIPHAM, Secretary

throughout our Country I have now
a gigantic inflation that
of Panic's are the inevitable result.
men see these evils, but the
gh likewise seen, is of difficult
from the power these institutions
d the demoralization they
duced. — The first step of
ld be the abolition of all bills
dollars. — This would produce
that would absorb a great mass
us Metals. — Banks should
dually be compelled to increase
reserve up to 50 percent of their
paper issues. — The sudden influx
of 500 millions! of Gold in 10 years, is so strange
an occurrence that its advent was wanting to
teach us wisdom — This will gradually dwindle
away, and its like will probably never recur
again. — Gold hunting surely impoverishes the
hunters? —

Baron Wrangell in his exploration of the Siberian
Coast to the Polar sea when taking altitudes
for longitude and latitude in a temperature
of 50° below zero of Fahrenheit ^{found} that the artificial
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Contact with the hand, or eye,
otherwise the skin instantly froze
Still by practice they were enabled
Septant at a temperature of 3
Fahrenheit — but the Chronometer
from the intense cold congealed
works — Longitude $167^{\circ} - 48'$
Variation $18\frac{1}{2}^{\circ}$ East —

Adjourned Meeting of the Board of Trade
— Continuation of the Discussion upon
the Commercial Difficulties.

An adjourned meeting of the Board of Trade was held at Mercantile Hall last evening, for the purpose of resuming the discussion of the causes of the commercial difficulties of the country, which occupied the time at the meeting of a week previous.

Geo. B. Utton, Esq., one of the Vice Presidents, presided. A clear and interesting abstract of the discussion at the previous meeting was then read by the Secretary, Mr. Bates.

Benjamin Callender, from the committee appointed at the previous meeting to prepare and report resolutions for discussion this evening, presented the following:

Resolved, That we recognize the influx of five hundred millions of gold during the last ten years, and the great expansion of the paper currency of the country as great and constantly operating causes of the present commercial revulsion, acting as they have done to increase largely the prices of merchandise and other property, thus stimulating speculation, excessive trade both in domestic productions and foreign imports, and too large investments in railroads and other works.

Resolved, That among the causes that exist for the present financial derangement and prostration of business, is the difficulty of making collections from the interior, particularly from the West.

Resolved, That this subject is one that should immediately invite the attention of this meeting, in hopes that its discussion may point out the way of moving the immense crops of the West to the Atlantic cities, and thus furnish exchange that will produce one remedy, and that immediately.

Resolved, That among the means of avoiding a recurrence of our present difficulties, we would recommend additional restrictions upon the bank issues, the abolition of small bills, the limitation of their loans and circulation, and an increase of the specie reserve.

Russian — **ЛИМИТРИЙ**. Demitri

of the Customs in Cronstadt 1841. He wore the silver Cross
of the Polish order of S. Stanislaus —

My own name written in Russian, or as he wrote it

Млаакъ Бульбо — (Bull Bo) —

Capt A Goodhue is written А Гудхис —

where Г is the Greek gamma — the γ . the Greek Upsilon
Gudhis —

Wednesday Nov 4th 1857 The Boston Board of Trade met to discuss the financial difficulties of the country and adopted resolutions as per scrap.

Banks throughout our Country have now attained such a gigantic inflation that a succession of Panics are the inevitable result. All thoughtful men see these evils, but the remedy though likewise seen, is of difficult application, from the power these institutions exercise, and the demoralization they have introduced. — The first step of Reform should be the abolition of all bills below five dollars. — This would produce a vacuum that would absorb a great mass of the precious Metals. — Banks should then be gradually ~~be~~ compelled to increase their specie reserve up to 50 percent of their paper issues. — The sudden influx of 500 millions! of Gold in 10 years, is so strange an occurrence that its advent was wanting to teach us wisdom — This will gradually dwindle away, and its like will probably never recur again. — Gold hunting surely impoverishes the hunters? —

Read the volumes of the exploring expedition under Lieut Wilkes. — instructive and entertaining, in

"Novr 12 and 13th kept watch for meteoric showers saw a group proceeding from 'Pleiades northerly' others from Orion. —

" Found the Equinoxial Equatorial current strongest in Long^d 24° 25' west — Lat 6° 15' south —

Made the Magnetic Equator in Long^d 30° 18' west Lat 13° 30' South — The variation there 10° 30' west

" The winter months are most favourable for quick passages from the States to Brazil —

As then the NE monsoons prevail on the coast of Brazil — Dull sailors should not cross the Equator west of 20° west where the equatorial current begins to be felt But good sailors may cross as far as 26° W

"Ice bergs have been seen off the Rio de la Plata say in Lat 38° 55' South Long^d 54° 30' west"

"Soundings were had in 50 fathoms 150 miles off the coast. the bottom north of the river blue mud. — South fine grey sand, pebbles and shells"

Fac-simile of an inscription under a rude drawing of
 figures, on the wall of a house in Pompeii. — AD 59

CAMPANI VICTORIVM
 CVM NUCERINIS PERISTIS

Campani victoria una cum Nucernis peristis.

"Campanians, you perished in victory together with the
 Nucernians." — This event occurred AD 59 —

From "Pompeii its past and present state" —

This gives us an idea of the writing of the
 Romans in the Augustan Age —

Exploring Expedition Lieut. Wilkes U.S.N.
 Of a Tonga chief. Lieut. Wilkes says.

"Tubou Totai spoke English tolerably well. He had been in New South Wales, and a guest of Sir George Gipps, and gave me an amusing account of the balls and parties to which he had been invited. — He said the ladies had been particularly attentive to him, and that they considered him a very handsome man. —

Indeed, says Capt. Wilkes, He knew well how to behave himself. was well acquainted with our habits, and customs, and he had all the grace and elegance of a finished gentleman. If one can imagine such a being in a Tongan Islander? — I have indeed, seldom seen a native so correct in his deportment. —

He was a professing Christian, and was more than half civilized." —

Think of that? narrow-minded "ardour" — a specimen from among Cannibals. Though Tubou said he never touched labeled human flesh — Our own Aboriginal races have also produced their full quota of Nature's Nobles

Yet here no aged people are found? - "all have been strangled or buried alive? children deeming it rather a duty, to strangle their feeble and aged parents! - and those that have been long sick are always killed? -" *

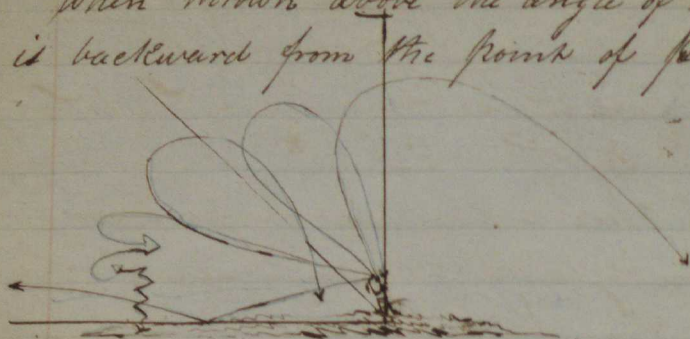
The mass of these cannibals are ferocious and cruel as the tiger of the jungle - killing their own wives if they offended them and eating them

At the Feejees Capt. Wilkes found an Irishman Paddy Connell, who had been 40 years among them - Paddy had had one hundred Wives, and 48 children? and he said he hoped to make up the fifty, before he died! -

Upon the whole Lieut Wilkes admits that the Feejee Islanders are inveterate savages, treacherous in the extreme, and Cannibals preferring human flesh before all other. - often killing their wives and eating them! - regularly killing their parents! as soon as age or sickness renders them unable to labour? - Cruel, blood-thirsty, brutal

Wilkes. - Exploring Expedition

Curves described by the Fejee Boomerang -
when thrown above the angle of 45° its course
is backward from the point of propulsion -



The Boomerang is one of the weapons of the Feejee islanders and is a most curious one from its eccentric action — when thrown at an angle of 45° it returns from its lofty flight to the spot whence it was thrown. They are as expert with this weapon and can hit objects as accurately as a perfect Billiard player can send his balls. — and this depends on the same accurate judgment of the angles at which ^{they} will rebound to a given point. —

I have myself remarked with
 astonishment the effect that refraction
 produces on an extensive mass of
 field ice, and Icebergs, on the
 Coast of Labrador - ... Vast ruins,
 as of some ancient City - Some
 Tadmor, or Heliopolis, looms
 up, stretching far away - Anon
 the scene shifts, and rural
 scenes farm houses and rustic
 villages succeed - These in
 turn fall into ruins, and
 crumble into confused masses,
 from which shoot up mighty
 pinnacles, like old Cathedral
 spires, - massive walls
 stretch their mural lengths
 in battlemented array, overtopped
 by strange architectural marvels
 that "come like shadows - so depart" -
 To a vivid imagination such a
 scene is more easily remembered
 than described.

IB

Exploring Expedition, Commander Wilkes
 The Icebergs of the austral ocean in the vicinity
 of the new Continent are of a tabular and
 stratified appearance perfectly wall sided and
 varying from 150 to 210 feet in height —
 The stratification is in horizontal layers, from
 six inches to four feet in thickness, see sketch

Farther off from their origin as they drift more
 Towards temperate regions, they melt and
 wash away, thus assuming forms singularly
 curious, — Castellated walls, Old Cathedral
 Towers, ruined cities, strange monuments
 Neck titanic walls, rising around some
 deep, harbour-like fissure, opening like
 some mighty dock into the heart of
 The frozen island a few rough copies
 from Wilkes will supply a general idea
 of these monsters of the poles — and
 the North, and south Atlantic —

I have long been familiar with the Icebergs
 of the North, the Polar Frost-Things but
 have never seen the Tabular form, as given
 opposite Ib —

Read the literal prose translation of
the Odyssey of Homer by Theodore Alois Buckley
— dry as a remainder biscuit, for any pleasure
in the perusal, and only useful to the scholars
from its critical exactness, and the learned
Variorum Notes of Scholiasts and commentators
I can enjoy Homer in no translation but Pope's—

"The French Revolutionary Reign of
Of Terror" condensed within itself all the
horrors of the Decemvirs, Cinna, Marius,
Sylla, Pompey, Cataline, and the Triumvirs—

Secret memoirs of Josephine Mlle de Beauharnais

⊕ There ^{penet} Sketches of my early days show the native
bent of my tastes, and indicate what a proper
cultivation might have matured. — But circumstances
that unspiritual god. and misdirector, has driven
me far away from all I ought to have been —
plunged me in the salt spray of ocean for 35 years
of troubled life, an unsuccessful man? — whatever
I might have been I know not, — but know I am not
what I should be. — I feel that I have powers and
talents for better things than aught attained? —

But — No matter — the grave covers and hides all
sublunary things —

Difference of men in H. W. Beecher

"We often see an old weather-beaten man, who never had a success in his life? — who always knew more, and accomplished less, than any of his associates. — who gathered only the quarter, and dist. of enterprise. — while they took the gold — And yet, in old age he is the happier man? — And indeed all his life long, has been, the happier man — He had a sum of Hope. they of desire, and Greed" &c

Amid all the misfortunes of this unsuccessful worker he had that within him that buoyed him up on the wave of life, left his heart young, though his head externally grew grey — like the old Ark? floating on the waters of the primeval Deluge; high above the wreck of a drowned world, he floats above the wreck and debris of repining, and discontent — Give a child a taste for reading, and you confer a boon, no amount of wealth, can compensate for, the want of

Niebuhr - "After the death of Antipater
 Olymp 114. 2 - to 115. 3 Athens was tranquil..
 All her great men who were her honour
 and her pride were gone! - and her
 franchise was now given to many strangers"

"Under Demetrius Phalereus was taken
 the great Census, the result of which shewed
 that Athens contained 20. 000 Citizens
 10. 000 ^{metoeci} Metoeci - and 400. 000 ^{δολοι} Dolois! -"
 But the last number Niebuhr deems incredible
 as indeed it is - yet we have no means of
 correcting it -

"Pyrrhus and Alcibiades are properly,
 the only men in all antiquity who have
 a really Chivalrous character" - Chap 6 -

στηλη an inscribed stone

B G Niebuhr, Lectures on Ancient History

Lecture CII - "The ancients say that the weakness of the constitution of Lycurgus consisted in the fact that the women were beyond the reach of the law. - in Lacedaemon, a man could not dispose of his property according to his own discretion, but a woman could? - This gave a handle to a system of petty flogging, which always develops itself in such circumstances. -

And in later times we find Spartan women possessing enormous properties - Even as early as Aristotle, nearly all the property was in the hands of the women, and afterwards, the dominion of the Spartan women is constantly increasing, Sparta was thus in a condition of complete degeneracy" - See Niebuhr. -

Thus "woman's rights" carried to a maximum, in Ancient Sparta, - emasculated, and degraded her, as Niebuhr shews -

Her population being for the most part beggars, And strangers, - as Venice was until lately then, even her Poorer Nobles, "begg'd their bitter bread, in narrow streets" &c as Lord Byron saw

The Eulogy on woman, is a specimen of
 my hand writing, at 30 years of age
 and shews that I have since retrograded
 in this particular —

The Eulogy is taken out

The Eulogy is a true and beautiful Tribute
 of praise to the sex, unsurpassed in eloquence,
 And as a specimen of the power and pathos
 of our mother tongue. — To me it has always
 seemed a most admirable specimen of our prose
 Treasures, a gem of our language —

1st The Minarch spoke, and strait a Mummer rose Accent
 Loud as the surges, when the Tempest blows English

1st Could we, which we never can
 stretch our lives beyond their span

'Tis the voice of the sluggard, I hear him complain
 You have wak'd me too soon, I must slumber again

My Reasons — for memoranda —

"In reading Authors, when you find
Bright passages that strike your Mind,
And which, perhaps, you may have reason
To think on at another season,
Be not contented with the sight,
But take them down in Black, and White; —
Such a respect, is wisely shown,
That makes another's sense, your own"

Notes and Queries

I have at times, attended the Lectures at
The Peabody Institute, South Danners, and have,
on returning home, when the lectures have suggested
a peculiar train of Thought, endeavoured to recal
and review, the Lecturer's doctrines and reasoning —

For

"In ^{Lectures when'er} Conversation, when you meet
With persons cheerful and discreet
That speak, or quote, in prose, or rhyme,
Things, or facetious, or sublime, —
Observe what passes, — and anon
When you come home think thereupon: —
write what occurs, — forget it not —
A good thing said's a good thing got"

This is sound doctrine, and I practised it long
before "Notes and Queries" from a sense of its utility

MB

R. W. Emerson. Essay — x

Nothing great was ever achieved without
Enthusiasm. The way of life is wonderful,
it is by abandonment — The great moments
of History are the facilities of performance
through the strength of ideas, as the works
of Genius and Religion. "A man," said
Oliver Cromwell, never rises so high as when
he knows not within he is going" —
Dreams, drunkenness, the use of Opium,
and alcohol, are the semblance, and
counterfeit of this Occular Genius, and
hence their dangerous attraction for men.

Essay 12th

No man can quite emancipate himself from
his age and Country, or produce a model
in which the education, the Religion the
politics usages and arts of his times, shall
have no share? — were he ever so original
or fantastic he cannot wipe out of his work
every trace of the thoughts amidst which it
grew? — Above his will, and out of his
sight, he is necessitated, by the air he breathes.

and the ideas on which he and his contemporaries live and toil, to share the manner of his times without knowing what that manner is. —

Hence the whole extent and product of the plastic Arts has herein its highest value As History,; as a stroke drawn in the portrait of Fate — — — — —

These remarks apply forcibly to Homer and Herodotus —

Essay IV

Every man passes for that he is worth. The world is full of Judgment days, and in every assembly that a man enters; in every action he attempts, he is gauged and Stamped. In every troop of boys that whoop and run in each yard and square a new-comer is as well, and accurately weighed, in the course of a few days, and stamped with his right number, as if he had undergone a formal trial of his strength, speed, and temper. — *

or Society

Thus the world, never mistakes us long but weighs, and stamps its royal mark on high and low. *

* This dictum is subject to many and great exceptions. eg. — Many a Caesar, Cromwell, and Napoleon holds the polestar in the palm; — many a Shakespeare, Bacon, Newton or Milton; — many in the art or cloack, making the hand of Circumstance to develop without which they "die and make no sign".

Essay IV

"There is not in the world at any one time more than a dozen persons who read and understand Plato"

I suppose, not because Plato rose higher than the best intellect of modern time, but because he is so obscure, — and so distant in time — and the language in which he wrote dead, — and not clearly comprehended. — 248

The regular course of studies, the years of academical and professional education have not yielded me better facts than some idle books under the bench at the Latin school — what we do not call Education is more precious than that which we "call so" — page 169 — Essay IV — again —

"Our young people are diseased with the Theological problems of Original Sin, Origin of Evil, predestination, and the like, — These never presented a practical difficulty to any man? — never darkened across any man's road, who did not go out of his way to seek them! — These are the Soul's Mumps and Measles, and Whooping-Cough. A simple mind will never know these enemies" — etc —

They are similar to that grave enquiry "What was the gender of Baalami Ass"

here are facts to be pondered on
all the appliances of education cannot create minds
and a large intellect will force its way through the
logs and briars of ignorance to higher ground, than the
best culture can force a pedagogue to reach.

Under the former despots of Egypt
History honestly confesses that man must
have been as free as culture could make him.

This accords with my own explorations in the past
deal thou with Cause and Effect the
Chancellors of God? — In the Will
work, and acquire, and thou has chained
the wheel of Chance? — and my defy
her rotations! — — —

Napoleon held it impossible to make a
perfect army, says Las Cases without abolishing
our arms, Magazines, Commissaries, Carriages
and falling back on the old Roman Legion
give the soldier his rations of corn and
make him grind it in his hand-mill
and bake it himself! —

Society is a Wave — the wave moves onward
but the water does not — its unity
is only phenomenal. — Those who make
up the Nation today next year die —
and their experience with them — — —

"A singular equality may be observed between the great men of the first and of the last ages — All the Science, Art, Religion and Philosophy of the 19th Century avail not to educate greater men than Plutarch's Heroes"

Amen

Again — Another "Fixed Fact"

The Thorough-going votaries of any single Idea such as Phrenology, Total Abstinence — The Church, the Exchange, loses his balance by his exaggeration of this single topic? he becomes diseased with incipient Insanity on his peculiar theme,* — Thus we see Commentators wander into clouds of learned dust, — and thus pointing the proverb "as obscure as an explanatory note"

———— * say monomania, which is a far

"All true Religion, all great actions, are simple — Constructed with few details Their grandeur consists in a few great primal laws blending in Epic unity"

Amen say I — Sound doctrine No

The original Christianity as preached and practiced by its great founder is simple. — standing on two great commandments Love to God and Man, —

Languages

To those whose aim is the professions, the three
"black graces" - Divinity, Law, Physic, the dead
languages are a necessity - and also the living ones

Judge Story remarks "It is a startling fact.
That many a ripe scholar, even in patient, laborious
Germany will tell you, there is not time in any one life
to learn well, more than a single language. If one
devotes himself to Greek, Latin is out of the question
and the study of a whole life may well be dedicated
to the mastery of a single Classical author, and
even then much will be left untouched or unexplained."
This is sound Doctrine? and the inference is that to
the majority of young men, the true course is to
study their mother tongue, in preference to foreign
ones, especially the dead —

Justice Story's Miscellany

Of Col Timothy Pickering of Salem, the judge says
"He was a man to whom might justly be applied
the Character "Incorrupta fides, Audaque veritas, et mens
Conscia recti" — yet I myself remember the hatred his
political enemies expressed for him calling him "Old Tim. Pickering".
this was in my boyhood, — that was a day of furious Politics.

The abolition of Primogeniture and an equal distribution
of intestate estates among all the children made a landed
Aristocracy impossible. "This great law of descent will forever
oppose arbitrary power, — and follow the impulse of the spirit
in advancing popular principles

Read E J Trelawny's Recollections of Shelley, and Byron,

"O thou, who plumed with strong desire
Wouldst float above the earth, - beware! -
A shadow! - tracks thy flight of fire? -

Night is coming! - The "two spirits," Shelley

Mr Trelawny says "Shelley's head was very small" -

Sir Walter Scott's and Lord Byron's hats were so small that
few boys could get them on - high, narrow, heads, -

"Where is the beauty, Love, and Truth, we seek

But in our Minds," alone. - no human form

Embodies this immortal, - or fulfils

The promise to our eyes, that beauty, makes,

In Foyle forms. - Or manhood's fairest prime. - All, thus led, turn to Ashes.
Mark our hopes! -

Suggestions, in Forest melodies

Hark! the melody of that dreamy, solemn, music in the tops of those noble
Pines? - a melancholy murmur, rising, and falling, with the breeze,
now, as the wailing chaunt of the winds of ages, bearing tales of sorrow -
Now, as Eolian harmonies of pleasure, from Angelic Choirs? - recalling
old remembered attempts of childhood, - a Mother's lulling song - &c &c

The place of the tragic fate of Shelley, recalls my own remembrance of the Tuscan sea -
Which from the neighbourhood of Leghorn, presents a glorious prospect, rich in Italian
glory of scenery, The Islands of Gorgona, Capri, and Elba, looming on its
bosom, old battlemented watch-towers along the shores, framed on the
back ground by the marble-crested Apennines glistening in the Italian sun
in picturesque beauty, recalling the classic memories of Imperial Rome
and the long roll-call of her heroic sons, - But saddened by
the sight, and thought, of her miseries to day, trodden down and
crushed under the despot's iron heel. - chained too, to the Car
of Papal domination, and glorying in these chains of steel

within the eye are Shelley's
the rest, eyes feel -

Trelawny tells us that Shelley's heart remained entire after flesh and bones were consumed, and that he took it from the red hot furnace at the expense of burning his hands severely

Lord Byron purchased an English Brig at Genoa to take him and Mr Trelawny to Greece. she was of the old Collier model, full, fore and aft, and round bottomed, — running under all canvass, six knots, in seven hours, and would knock a t-d a mile, before she got over it — built on the lines of a baby's cradle, — and of course such a roller, that the least touch of Neptune's foot, set her rocking. — Such misshapen tubs are now banished from our own commercial marine —

After Lord Byron's death, Mr Murray, in conversation with Mr Trelawny, said, he had shewn Gifford, the manuscript of the last lines of Don Juan, written in Greece, just before Lord Byron's death, — Gifford, after reading, and musing, exclaimed, "Upon my soul, I do not know where to place Byron? — I think we can't find a niche for him, unless we go back, and place him after Shakspere, and Milton" — after a pause — he said "There is no other place for him" — A criticism that posterity will endorse, I doubt not —

Gifford's opinion of
Lord Byron's place
as a Poet. —

To those whose aim is the professions, the three
"Black Graces" — Divinity, Law, Physic, the dead
languages are a necessity — and also the living ones

Canopus was said to have been built by Menelaus, and named after his Pilot — It lies on the bay of Aboukir near Alexandria, and was notorious in Ancient times for its foul, frightful, debauchery, mostly in, and around the temple of Serapis — "Prodigia et mores Urbis damnante Canopo" — This, and the foul groves of Daphne, the infamous suburb of Antioch, gradually poured their filthy streams upon Rome, Making her a Second Sodom, worse than the first, And in the end, sunk her, not in a "Storm of Fire" like the primal Sodom, but even worse, in a mighty storm of Blood! — the fearful wail! — of her dying struggles, under this awful visitation of wrath, when the mighty Nemesis crushed out her life, under the hoofs of Gothic, and Vandal Cavalry — Gibbon has graphically narrated —

see "Decline and Fall" —

Mem - Read Dr W^e Channings works —

To my mind these works are a theological Library more perfect as a whole than any which has ever before been compiled by a Christian Teacher. They cover the whole ground of Christ's grand and sublimely simple doctrines — and appeal directly to the sense of truth, and justice in the human soul. —

Definition of Logic "A Science, or Art, which instructs us in the laws of reasoning, and evidence — in the true methods of enquiry, and the sources of false Judgments" — Channing —

Dr Channing bases Christianity on the pure and simple doctrines, Christ himself taught, and practiced. — in proportion as we depart from his sublime teachings and wander into the clouds of the medieval Theology, and the barren wastes of the Scholastic Divinity in practice — in that proportion do we contract that bitter spirit of sectarian hatred. The Odium Theologicum

Hallam's Middle Ages ~~~~~

The Odium Theologicum - says he

"It is the essential consequence of Theological disputes, especially those relating to the nature, and incarnation of our Saviour; that the disputants become more positive, and rancorous, as their creed recedes from the possibility of human apprehension" - ~~~~~

D 1204

"Four Horses that breathe in the Brass of Lysippus were removed from Constantinople to the square of St. Mark. in Venice" ~~~~~

These remarkable Horses, the last remnants of Greek art of the age of Alexander the great are now standing over the central porch of the Cathedral Church of St. Mark fronting St. Mark's place and are whole and uninjured after such strange vicissitudes as have been their lot - St. Mark's Cathedral itself is a remarkable object as the grandest of the remains of the Byzantine Architecture in Western Europe

"Petrearche says in his confessions -

Corpus illud egregium morbis et cerebri
partibus exhaustum, multum pristini
vigoris amisit" - Those who maintain
the virginity of Laura are forced to read
perturbationibus instead of partibus - Two Mss in
the royal library of Paris have the con-
clusion thus "De ea omni omni omni"

Traces of the Magnet - and Compass
- Hallam says "It is perhaps impossible
to ascertain the period when the polarity of the
magnet was first known in Europe -
but the common opinion which ascribes its
discovery to Flavio Gioja a Citizen of Amalfi^{or}
Amalfi in the 14th Century is undoubtedly
erroneous - Guist de Provins a French poet
who lived about A 1200 describes it in most
unequivocal language - Boucher the
French translator of "Il Consolato del Mare"
says that Edrisi a Saracen geographer
who lived about A 1100 gives an account, though
in a confused manner, of the polarity of
the Magnet* - however the lines of Guist de

* from this I infer that such an instrument was known
and used long before by those concerned to know it and
use it

I think the magnet needle was known to, and used by, the Phoenician
Carthaginian, and Roman mariners - but lost for a time in
the Deluge and bloody chaos of the Dark Ages

Since this was written, I have read Baron Alexander Humboldt's
"Cosmos" — where he traces the magnetic Needle, used as a guide over
trackless wastes, in Chinese thimble a thousand years before our era
and it probably came west with the Caravans

Provincs are decisive " — here a list of
authorities in confirmation are cited. See
Chap IX of Hallam — "Middle Ages" —

My impression is that it was known to the
Scandinavian Sea Kings much earlier, from
the apparently direct manner in which the
Northmen navigated to, and from, our shores
from A.D. 980. onward to the last glimpses we
catch of their voyages to our shores —

Lucretius describes the powers of the magnet
as translated by Dr Good — and I think affords
a basis for conjecture that its property of
giving polarity to Iron or steel must have
been discovered in, ^{or before} the commencement of
our Era* — and for various reasons, and from
scattered lights, I infer that the convulsions
attendant on that moral Deluge, and Eclipses
of historic light, the Dark Ages, have hidden
its early discovery by destroying all the
records of it, — I know so well the dark
stormy character of the north Atlantic Ocean
even in Summer that I cannot imagine how
Voyages from Scandinavia to our shores could
be performed without some such aid. — It —

Read Montesquieu. - "Considerations of the Causes
of the Grandeur, and Declension of the Roman Empire."
Mr Montesquieu calls the Eastern, or lower Roman
Empire, the Grecian Empire, from the reign of Phocas

The constant increase of the pay, and emoluments of
the Legions, was one great cause of ruin. - "After Caracalla's
final increase of the pay of the Legions, the Empire
was thrown into such a condition, that not being
able to subsist without soldiers - it could not
subsist with them." - - -

So that the Emperors who were eminent for wisdom
were always murdered by the Soldiers, and those whose
lives were infamous were destroyed either by Conspiracies,
or edicts of the Senate" - - -

"At the close of Valerian's reign there were thirty pretenders to
the Empire who were called the thirty tyrants."

"Fortune (Chance) never interferes in the government of
the world" - - - Because, from the stand-point of
the Almighty mind, all effects, have definite, predetermined
Causes, - as every effect must have an efficient Cause,
Chance, in its common acceptation does not exist

"The barbarians were at first unknown to the Romans and for some time were only incursions — But at last they became formidable to them by an event wholly unparalleled then, and perhaps may never be equalled — viz. Rome had so effectually extinguished all other Nations that when she was at last vanquished in her turn, the Earth seemed to produce a new race of men to accomplish her destruction?"

Persian Letter CXXXIV — Rica, goes to a great Library in Paris to gather Knowledge, and addresses the principal man there "Reverend father said I, what are those Books with which all that side of the library is filled?" "Those are the works of the interpreters of Scripture" said he — There is a prodigious number of them replied I — Scripture must have been formerly, very obscure? — But very perspicuous at present? — Can there be possibly any doubts remaining? — Can there be! — answered he? — good God! — There are almost as many doubts as verses! — Indeed, said I, what good then have the writings of these authors done? — These authors said he, have not searched the Scripture for what should be believed, but for what they ^{over}

They believed — they did not consider the scriptures as books containing the doctrines they were bound to embrace, — but as a work to sanction their own opinions; — for this reason they have every where corrupted its sense, — " &c &c — This is one of keenest satires on these commentators, to be found? — its cool, but scorching irony, is only equalled by that of a kindred spirit, of the sagacious President — the far seeing and brilliant Edward Gibbon — and such volumes contain the (so called) Christianity that Gibbon justly denounced? — It was further from the Original Christianity taught and practiced by Christ himself. (of Love to God and good will to man, as illustrated, and enforced, in the great Parable of the Samaritan) than the Ancient Polytheism was — — this is a "fixed fact" —

What was the Christianity of the Lower, or Greek Empire? "Arius denied the divinity of the word" — "The Macedonians, that of the Holy spirit" — "Nestorius, the unity of the person of Jesus Christ" — The Eutychians his two natures" — The Monothelites, his two wills" — and they butchered each other with the fury of savages, each to sustain his peculiar tenet,

in which he held, lay the body and Soul of Christianity! — The cruel, and blood-thirsty ferocity of these partisans seem almost incredible to us. — And John Calvin, was not behind these wretches in his base Judicial Murder of the amiable Servetus. —

In fact the so called Christianity of the middle age and down to the Reformation, was like the grain of Wheat, in the cartload of Chaff, — and the Chaff came to be taken as the living germ, that was hidden in its useless mass — This was not Religion, it was Theology. But "dead as Ezekiel's Bones" — for it did not, and could not, lead to the pure Religion of Christ, — in fact it could lead to nothing but massacre and war, and to all the corruptions that sunk the Roman Hierarchy of that age into a slough of sin so monstrous that men like Luther, could not but flee from the degrading Association, as Sodom did not escape from the impending doom of the Elder Sodom.

Remarks of Robert Southey on his own religious experience, - written in his latter days. ~~~~~

29 "At 17 Gibbon shook my belief in Christianity."

[Here Southey cannot mean the pure doctrine, and practice of the great founder of our faith, - but simply the paralytic weeds of Creed. - The fungus of irrelevant Theologic dogma? - The sublime doctrine of Christ, of love to God and good will to men, is instinctive to the soul of man, and he who has thought deeply, and examined largely, cannot be shaken from its belief, by any human being.]

Note
by
E. Y. W.

continues "And the French Revolution did its work on me. S. J. Coleridge and I planned an Utopia a Pantisocracy, a Republic of reason and virtue. I reasoned on till I learned how vain it is to attempt to build up a Religion wholly on historical proofs. - I learned that religion could never be a quickening principle, by a mere assent of the understanding - And ended, as I am now still, a Seeker, a sheep without a fold: - Clinging to all that Christ has clearly taught, but shrinking from all attempts at defending by articles of faith those points which the Gospels have left indefinite: - I am of no Visible Church: - but assuredly I feel myself in the Communion of the Saints." - Keswick Jan'y 2 1812 ~

Here is Robert Southey's mature Confession of Faith — After wandering over, and pondering on all religious systems, — he saw that the pure Christianity of its great founder, taught that a moral life was more important than assent to dogma. And worthy actions, than hollow professions, (see parable of the Samaritan) — The mediæval Theology clings to the Orthodoxy of our day, like the parasitic weeds of a Tropic forest, round the trunk and limbs, of the towering Palm — And many well meaning, but short sighted mortals, mistake the creeping, but showy excrecence, and its kindred fungi, for the great sustaining Trunk, and heart, within? — Mistaking the debris of decayed fungus that time has accumulated on its base, for the great supporting tree itself —

To see the beautiful Original clearly, we must first cut away this parasitic growth of the idolatrous dead ages of the faith — Clearing away for ourselves the whole mass of obscuring moss, and creeping Ivy's from its majestic form. This requires, as sailors say in clearing away the wreck of masts, and yards, in a storm "a sharp Knife, and a clear Conscience" — Also the firmness, and strength of purpose, that can, in

In a conscientious search after truth, defy the
taunts of the "uncoquid", shouting Infidel? Infidel?
Doubts—

On this mental ocean he ^{that} would know the truth
must investigate for himself. — must solve his
own doubts, as well as his talents and means
permit, by deep and long continued thought. —
And on this theme we may safely take the
advice of a wise and learned old man, the Elder
Dr Ware, to a Theological student, as given by the Rev^d
Mr May * — "My son" (said the aged wise man)
"My son, I rejoice that you have attained at length
to a doubt? — think on, and fear nothing —
as for your doubt I could not resolve it if I
would? — I would not if I could? — ~~you~~ ^{you} must
resolve your own doubts, and you will find
it the most exciting, useful, and blessed occupa-
tion in which a student and a Christian can
be engaged?" — — Truly this is sound Doctrine! —

Let us ponder boldly, with the best lights we can command. —

* The student had applied to the veteran scholar
and Divine to resolve some theologic doubts, whose
kinethy grain and tough fibres defied the
thumps of his own theologic beetle-and-wedge.

My own views of Religion after long, earnest, thought

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Religion is strictly a necessity of social life apart from its eternal interests. But is an affair between Man, and his Maker. — And it becomes the duty, and interest, of every human being, reverently and humbly, to endeavour to attain a sound conscientious Religious belief — it is essential to the sana mens in Corpore sano, — an essential condition for stability, and ^{from} being blown about by "every wind of doctrine" — Its strong foundations, and whole practical superstructure — stand on the solid rock, of Christ's own teachings and practice*, whose primal laws are exhibited and illustrated around the parable of the "Samaritan" — from Luke X. 25¹⁰ and Onward

* But though there were good men ** see Acts chap 10 ver 34, 35

of all creeds
Men of every creed under heaven may practice these
Great precepts, and as I believe acceptably** for
to my mind the simple sincere adoration of the
poor Arab of the desert, who calculates the hour of
prayer by the shadow of his camel on the burning
sands, is as acceptable to the great Source of Life
as the rich Citizen's who in Christian lands offers
up the same homage in sumptuous churches? —
And many Audiences in such Churches might

from — Isaac Bullcock

* I speak of my own views, I do not presume to go outside of Christ's own precept and practice. For I think they contain all the essentials of a Christian and religious life

Might take a lesson from many a poor Russian serf I have seen, who on rising at daylight from his sleep on the soft side of a plank, washes his face in the water of the River, and then bows to the east in adoration of his Creator, whose entire sincerity it was impossible to question. — being for the time utterly unconscious of the din, and stirring life of the great naval Arsenal, and Dock Yard of Cronstadt. — The thinking mind is more impressed by the restoration of the poor devotee in such a scene than any ceremonial observance elsewhere. — It may be said that this is a consequence of earlier teachings. — if superstitious dogmas? — but who has a right to judge of that, except God? —

Theology of some

"The great central truth of Christianity," is with many, ~~with a person who says the same thing. I am the true~~
~~central truth, Love to God and Man — There are~~
 central truth, Love to God and Man — There are
 and have been millions of "Jehovah's Witnesses" in all time since Christ — but yet he may be conscientiously

As Religion is properly a subject between Man and his Maker, we do not think alike — each has his right of thought

Musings, on Youthful, crime and suffering, in Cities —
which my wide wanderings have presented to my view, in pictures of profound gloom.

Much of the crime, and misery, that infects Society, is of its own creation, in the hot beds of great Cities. — Masses so condensed, always generate Social Ulcers, and moral disease, by their pressure. — The Cellars, and Garrets, of these scething cauldrons, of competition, and temptation, always harbour the social Vermin, that prey on the vitals of society — And they turn out prematurely diseased humanity in the horrible form, of Childhood, corrupted, from its first dawn of perception? — This is a mournful sight, — the tender human Bud, poisoned, at origine? — Turned out in infancy on the streets, to beg, or steal? — Its quasi Home, the Brothel, and grog-shop? — Its school, the public street, — Its Master, that awful Spectre, stern Hunger? — gaunt, naked, ferocious? — This ghastly Vision, rules with a rod of iron? — his frown, blisters all it lights on. — and he points his bony finger, to the Hell, of horrors, he can inflict! —

How mournful, to see Childhood writhing in such agony, growing prematurely old, under this baleful Curse? — The terrible presence of this awful Demon, sears the soul of the young being, as with a red-hot iron. — demoralizing it with the body — before his blighting frown, Virtue melts away, and Truth, slinks into a lie! — And oh, deplorable! Shameful! — that bright, keen boy, — that pretty girl, — are driven perforce, into the prison, and the Brothel! — and soon fill a Drunkard's Grave! — which indeed, seems a desirable retreat, from a tortured life! —

Musing on such mournful desecration, of the "Temple of the Holy Ghost" as Scripture calls the human body, — I am sometimes tempted to ask — Has the Almighty created these Victims, in Mercy? — or in Wrath? — But my better thought, points beyond their short, perilous, struggle, on this Volcanic ledge of Time, to a better Future? — I find an absolute necessity, for that, to balance, and compensate, this? — else, I should despair. — Thus, to me, the most harrowing sights of great European Capitals, and our own, — is this desecrated, Naked, starving, Childhood? — these poor, tortured, outlawed, despised Human Buds? — These have beguiled me at times, of a sympathetic tear — which no suffering of manhood, can. — For I have looked full in Death's face, with dry eyes, in Storm's and wreck, on the Ocean, in the vicissitudes, and perils, of a sailor's life, until case-hardened, in the fire of long years of endurance, privation, and suffering, I despise to drop unmanly tears, for aught fortune can inflict on myself. — But crushed, wailing infancy, demands a tear —
from — Isaac Bullock?

Let me see — (says the blind man)

A wet morning, after breakfast, while smoking
this train of thought, comes, uncalled —

Ponderings, on the Mysteries, around us. — Nagaries of Thought,

Text — "To what vile uses may we not come, Horatio! —" Hamlet —

Comment — { Through what strange Metempsychosis may not our material frame travel,
from the crawling maggot, to the brilliant, soaring butterfly? —

A transmigration of our body. that might suggest the ancient doctrine —

For "All forms that perish, other forms, supply" — as we see —

Text — "Imperious Caesar, dead, and turn'd to Clay,

May stop a crack, to keep the wind away" — Shakspeare

Comment — { And fam'd Sesostri's mummy, fuel make,*
To cook the Arab's broth! — or bake his cake, —

And thus, the form, "that kept the world awake" —

When the Soul quits it, worms, and maggots, take! — Bullock —

Text — "All forms that perish, other forms supply" — Pope —

Thus, Caesar's dust, may animate a fly? —

Comment — { And thus, the ancient doctrine so far true,

That we in Butterflies, may soar anew, — Bullock —

The Immortal Soul, from its frail partner freed,

The body, does, new organisms feed. —

over

remainder in our next, — Amen,

* These embalmed relics of ancient Pharaoh's, Ptolemy's,
and priestly Hierophant nobles, of Heliopolis,
and Memphis, are daily exhumed by the Fellahs
for fuel, as is well known. — they burn with a
brisk flame, and an aromatic smell; and in Egypt,
where fuel is scarce — A dead Pharaoh, is an
admirable servant to a living slave, — "O Tempora, O Mores"

Multiple, a play of substances are ever passing their
dead, as a result of change. — Decomposition, knows the agent of
the composition, so that life is perpetual and abiding.
The death of one form, is the origin of life in another form.

Growth of Trees, some yellow oaks
from our wood land have reached
the circumference of 20 1/2 inches in
32 years, as found by counting

Isaac Boulook

Eutropius is a brick as a Log-Book
here is Caracalla and his Reign. —

"Marcus Aurelius Antoninus Bassianus
erected a bath of excellent construction
at Rome. — but did nothing else
worthy of Record!" — — —

here is Fame! — here

But the enormous Ruins of Caracalla's
Bath that astonish visitors of modern
Rome to day are his Colossal
monument

Eutropius says the death of Constantine
was foretold by a Star with a blazing tail
which the Greeks call κομήτης — Cometes

Scut the "Good Night" from the Salem Observer
for its beauty, both of metre and ideas —
none but a thoughtful and cultivated
mind can originate such poetic flowers —
and it is refreshing to meet such wild
verses amongst the vast loose flights of
paper twaddle — called poetry! in the Journals
After pasting it in, the canopy of the tomb standing
opposite, suggested the improvisation, —

The Winds of March are Humming.

BY FITZ-GREENE HALLECK.

The winds of March are humming
 Their parting song, their parting song,
 And summer skies are coming,
 And days grow long, and days grow long.
 I watch, but not in gladness,
 Our garden trees, our garden trees;
 Its buds in sober sadness,
 Too soon for me, too soon for me:
 My second winter's over,
 Alas! and I—alas! and I
 Have no accepted lover;
 Don't ask me why, don't ask me why.
 'Tis not asleep or idle
 That love has been, that love has been;
 For many a happy bridal
 The year has seen, the year has seen;
 I've done a bridemaid's duty,
 At three or four, *at three or four*—
 My best bequests had beauty,
 Its donor more, its donor more.
 My second winter's over,
 Alas! and I—alas! and I
 Have no accepted lover,
 Don't ask me why, don't ask me why.

GOOD NIGHT.

Good night! how sweet its music falls
 In soothing cadence on the ear,
 And every gentle feeling calls,
 Responsive to its earnest cheer—
 No lip so rude or light of tone
 Can rob it of its magic thrill,
 Speak but the simple words alone,
 In any voice, 'tis *good night* still.

Strong are the charms that in it dwell
 For all who may its accents breathe—
 And conjured by its potent spell,
 The mists of fancy slowly wreath
 Into the dark familiar forms,
 Who crowned it with a halo bright,
 And lent it half the glow that warms
 The heart that hears a fond *good night*.

A father's blessing on it rests;
 'Tis sacred with a mother's kiss—
 It cheers the path of parting guests,
 And fills the heart with happiness.
 Its soothing influence, lingering, floats,
 Where pillowed innocents repose,
 From quivering chords, as fade the notes,
 As lingers perfume near the rose.

Though parting be its constant theme,
 It holds not parting's keener sting;
 So short the time—'tis but a dream.
 And sweet reunion dawn will bring,
 It yields to Heaven's protecting care
 The loved ones till the morning's light—
 To him whose faith and trust as they,
 Tho' black the gloom, 'tis still *good night*.

TO KEEP MILK SWEET. A. Boyd, a correspondent, informs us, that he has practised a peculiar method with much success of preserving milk sweet in the pans. It simply consists in placing a piece of new hammered iron, or three twelve penny nails in each tin pan, then pouring the warm milk on them. He believes that electricity has something to do with producing the result. He had tried many experiments before he hit upon this one, which he found to preserve the milk sweet for a longer time than other plans tried by him.—*Scientific American*.

Chances or Odds

At three or four, at three or four,

STARTLING STATISTICS. Of one hundred men in business, eighty have to die poor, ten only acquire a moderate competency, five handsome fortune, and but one—that is, one per cent.—turns up a millionaire. These failures are imputable partly to misfortune, and partly to imprudent and extravagant living.

Since men for the ale-house
 Forsook hewing and splitting,
 And women for tea forsook sewing and knitting,
 Many an estate has been spent in the getting.

[N. Y. Ledger.]

THE PARLIAMENT CLOCK. This clock, made by Mr. Dent, was to have been fixed in February last, but the tower was not ready for it.—The dials are 22 feet in diameter, and are the largest in the world with the minute hand.—Every half minute the point of the minute hand will move nearly seven inches. The clock will go eight and a half days, and strike only for seven and a half, so as to indicate by its silence any neglect in winding it up. The mere winding of each of the striking parts will probably take two hours. The pendulum is 15 feet long. The wheels are of cast iron. The hour bell is 8 feet high, and about 9 feet in diameter, weighing from 14 to 15 tons. The weight of the hammer is 4 cwt. The largest of the mere quarter bells is about the size of the great bell of St. Paul's, which weighs five and a half tons. The clock, as a whole, is said to be at least eight times as large as a full sized cathedral clock. The main works will be on the top of the great frame, which is a trussed girder-frame 19 inches deep, (like the girders of the Crystal Palace,) resting on two walls 11 feet apart, which come right up from the bottom of the tower.—*London paper*.

ponderings on Plagiarism — all are Plagiarists —
"Thus saith the Preacher, — nought beneath the Sun
is new" — we still, around a Circle, run —
The object of study, and teaching, is to introduce youth,
into the great Garden — garden, that the toils of ages have
ing flowers of thought, bequeathed
to of all preceding ages of men —
the who has started in the morning,
gather flowers. — by noon, he has
with a promiscuous heap, of the brightest
explores: — his task is gathering
now is, to make these flowers
by weaving them into a wreath,
and genius, may be shewn, in
ement, and the elegance of his
and the finished pattern, is a
and creative powers of thought, —
Plagiarist, that all the flowers
are borrowed, or stolen, if you please
arrangement, are alone, his. —

has finished his education, in
— has gathered the embalmed
of thoughts of the mighty dead —
whole Historic Realm? — And
like the flowers in the basket,
until he commences to weave them into wreaths of
History, Poetry, Oratory, etc. of his own pattern, —
here, his Genius, and talent, with at once be tested —
in the brilliancy of the setting, and beauty of dis-
tribution, of the gems he has borrowed, or appropriated,
from the vast mental Flora, of preceding generations
of giant minds, — In these Original Labours I

Ralph Waldo Emerson, Essays

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The Winds of March are Humming

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For many a happy bridal
The year has seen, the year has seen;
I've done a bridemaid's duty,
At three or four, ~~at three or four~~
My best bouquet had beauty,
Its donor more, its donor more.
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Mental gold, ~~~~~

J. Malcaddin the Persian, author of the "Mesnavi" tells a fine moral tale. ~~~~~

"Omar ben Hassan of Bagdad, was poor and unhappy, one night he dreamed that in a certain house, of a certain street in, at Cairo, of Egypt, he should find a treasure?—collecting all his available wealth, he departed from Bagdad, for the Nile, and reaching Cairo, he at once applied to a watchman to direct him to the street he sought, in conversation with this watchman he revealed his secret, and was astonished, to hear that he too, had dreamed a dream, that in a certain house, in a certain street, in Bagdad, he too, should find a treasure?—Lo! (says Omar) that is my own house!—And now I see, that only in a man's own house, and his own life, is his treasure to be sought, and found!—hence I will return to Bagdad?—for I have found, the treasure."

Translated from the Persian

...at least eight times as large as a full sized cathedral clock. The main works will be on the top of the great frame, which is a trussed girder-frame 19 inches deep, (like the girders of the Crystal Palace,) resting on two walls 11 feet apart, which come right up from the bottom of the tower.—London paper.

Want make each has his right of way

Ponderings on Plagiarism — all are Plagiarists.
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is new." — we still, around a Circle, run —

The object of study, and teaching, is to introduce youth,
into the great flower-garden, that the toils of ages has
planted, the undying flowers of thoughts, bequeathed
by the mighty dead, of all preceding ages of men —

We begin like a youth who has started in the morning,
with his basket, to gather flowers. — by noon, he has
filled his basket, with a promiscuous heap, of the brightest
gems, of the Flora, he explores; — his task of gathering
is done, his object now is, to make these flowers
profitable to himself, by weaving them into a wreath,
^{useful} where his own taste, and genius, may be shown, in
the beauty of arrangement, and the elegance of his
original design. — and the finished pattern, is a
test of his genius, and creative powers of thought. —
And he is so far, a plagiarist, that all the flowers
that form his wreath, are borrowed, or stolen, if you please
the pattern, and arrangement, are alone, his. —

So the youth that has finished his education, in
the school, or, College. — has gathered the embalmed
beauty's of long ages, of thoughts of the mighty dead —
mental gems, of the whole Historic Realm? — And
they lie in his memory, ^{in a promiscuous heap,} like the flowers in the basket,
until he commences to weave them into wreaths of
History, Poetry, — Oratory, — etc. of his own pattern, —
here, his Genius, and talent, will at once be tested —
in the brilliancy of the setting, and beauty of dis-
tribution, of the gems he has borrowed, or appropriated,
from the vast mental Flora, of preceding generations
of giant minds, — In these Original Labours, he

he is unconscious of Plagiarism, in using the scattered
Jewels he has found, to give brilliance to his new Coronet—
yes if he reflects, he sees he can no more construct
his oration, or Poem, without them, than the youth
his wreath, without the flowers — — —

Thus every new generation plagiarizes on all that
have passed away, appropriates their Jewels, and
re-sets them, in a pattern of ^{his} own, often unconsciously—
Often from the fact, that as they have circulated current
for ages, they have become public property.— Reservoirs,
where all may dip, unchallenged,* — Thus Homer has
been a mine, where 27 centuries have drawn gold,
and Jewels. Stones for Temples, and Palaces.—
Gems, for the Coronet, and bracelet. — — —

So the venerable Amphitheatre of Titus, the Coliseum,
has supplied modern Rome from its gigantic ruins,
with stones, to rear Palaces, Churches, walls.—
And yet the mighty ruin, contains materials for
a new Rome, almost — — —

So Homer's mine is inexhaustible — Countless coming
generations will continue to poach, on his vast
treasures, for gems for new Coronets, to grace
new Mental Rings? — — — This must be so —

This is Education, — Ignorance, cannot paint
the brilliant pictures that make our higher
literature sparkle like diamonds in a beauty's
wedding dress — No man is so rich in Mental ~~gems~~
colors, as to furnish his Palette with all the costly
pigments drawn from such distant sources. — his
prowise, is in the creation of new forms of beauty,
on which to display the imperial Purple, on the
African dye

* From the ancient, and excellent fables of literary legends, around mythology, in some of the most interesting
the poets of the modern world have drawn for contemporary characters. These are literally property of Plagiarism, and are taken
and to steal, from them which are called, and are taken as our own, — is the sin of Plagiarism, and is a crime in law.

Hallam, remarks that "the *Norman*
Dark Ages, properly so called
extend from the 6th to the 11th century"
But this is the midnight of that moral
darkness.

California Notes - 273
The beautiful woodpecker of this country
is a most ingenious borer, he scoops
out from the bark of the giant pines
a hole, into which the long slender acorn
just fits, and pushes it in so that the
acorn lies bare of the acorn makes it a
tight fit. - The bark of these trees are
similar to our henlock bark, and so to 20 inches thick
I have seen trees of 80 and 100 feet
shaft, before reaching a limb, and
10 and 12 feet in diameter, thickly
covered all over with these deposited
acorns, - these trees are themselves
wounded, - trees 10 to 15 feet in diameter
and 500 to 400 feet high, trail as an
acorn, are no common sight, I have
of ten sat down to admire these giants
many of whom began to grow before
the birth of Christ -

How strange the revolutions many centuries have been
and now we are added to the old but then new
they think may in but a few years
they think a. forget from a
they shadows were gigantic
on Columbus had a name

The Bangor Whig mentions a case of getting
married, where the bridegroom came down to
Bangor from Carmel and purchased a pair of
white silk gloves and two gallons of New England
rum! to celebrate the nuptial ceremonies.

he should have bought a pan of gingerbread, to match -

he is unconscious of Plagiarism, in using the scattered
gems he has found, to give brilliancy to his new Crown.
If he reflects, he sees he can no more construct
a Poem, without them, than the Youth
wreath without the flowers — — —

Some every new generation plagues
have passed away, and others
re-set them, in a pattern of ~~the~~ ^{the}
often from the fact, that as they have
for ages, they have become public
we all may dip, unchallenged, —
been a mine, where 27 centuries
and Jewels. Stones for Temples,
Poems, for the Crown, and bracelets

To the venerable Amphitheatre of
has supplied modern Rome from
with stones, to rear Palaces, Churches
And yet the mighty ruin, contains
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To Homer's mine is inexhaustible —
Generations will continue to pour
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This is Education, — Ignorance,
the brilliant pictures that make
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Colors, as to furnish his Palette with all the costly
pigments drawn from such distant sources. — His
Praise, is in the creation of new forms of beauty,
on which to display the imperial Purple, on the
Trojan due

the original sketch
this is a copy of the original sketch
The picture Capt. Thomas Westall
the picture — which was taken on
the 14th Sept. 1860, and sent
home to a letter to my mother
It is on a sketch, by her when the
altars of Salomon's temple — ~~which~~
shows about a thousand feet from
over, and a gold defile
The picture shows the prehistoric and
beauties and a very healthy one
The South Gate of the Temple
However the valley here and

* From the enclosed and uncoloured picture of the Temple of Salomon, and the
the variety of the many towers of the Temple, and the variety of the
and to show from them what uncoloured, and use them as our own, and

Hallam, remarks that "the Dark Ages, properly so called extend from the 6th to the 11th century" But this is the midnight of that moral Deluge? — Its destructive Waves rolled for a thousand years, - i.e., from the beginning of the 5th. to the end of the 15th Century —

See "Middle Ages" —

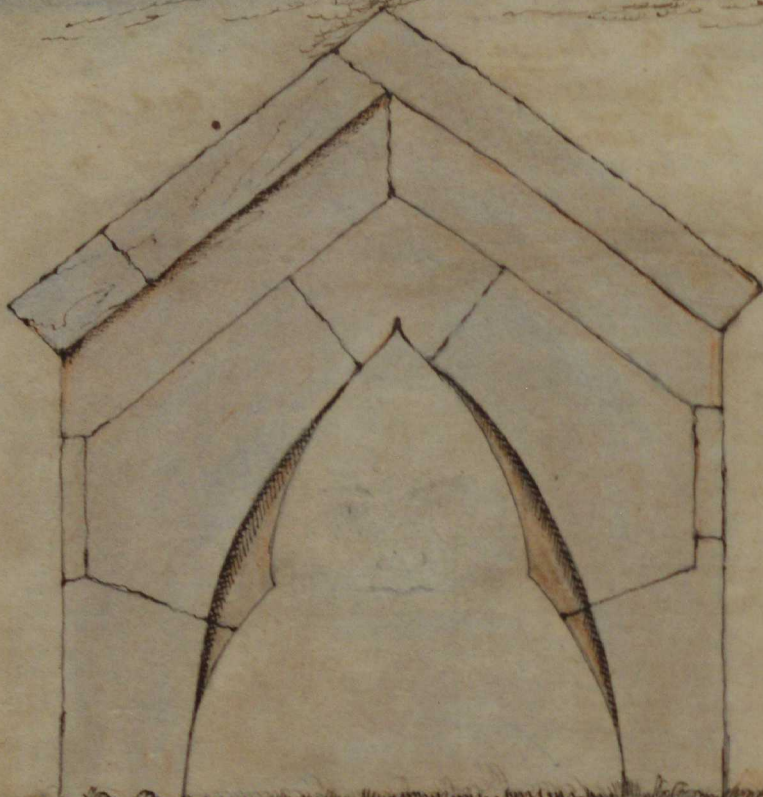


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Plaster Shells (AF) Myself Foster my G Grand mother

The Tomb! — what pensive memories start
 Responsive to its mournful tale?
 Remnants of the "loved, and lost,"
 The Bishop's cry, — the Widow's wail.



Canopy of a Tomb of the 13th Century

copy from Trentin
 stones of Venice

These improvised verses serve as an outline, which
 I have filled up on page 119th —

Crayon

Yet pointing upwards to the skies
 To worlds beyond this scene of strife.
 And, though it tells we all must die.
 Yet whispers of immortal life.

It implied imitation of the placing
 of the mure of the "Good Night".

240

Dim

My Uncle William Trask died Decr the
5th 1855 about 6 Am aged 75 years
born on the homestead of the Pilgrim Capt William
Trask, he had the germ of talents with the want
of early education left undeveloped, and energy
and persevering industry which struggled against
adverse circumstances manfully. — a truly good man
Another Hill monument is seen on a clear
day from Monadnock mountain. New
Hampshire 80 miles distant "

Canopy of a Tomb of the 18th Century

copy from Trunkin
stones of Venice

These improvised verses serve as an outline, which
I have filled up on page 119th

Crayon

1938

WOTCO NO. 1

1938

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